

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

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One Summer in Brimfield.

BY THARA BILLINGS.

I can never again inhale the sweet fragrance of cinnamon roses, or the stifling odor of heliotrope, without a feeling of faintness and pain, a longing for that summer morning of years ago, when the heavens bent over us like the smile of God, when the river wound through the daisy-pearled meadows with waters clear as the River of Life.

Donald and I walked together for the last, last time in the paths of the rare old-fashioned garden, that ran down from the house to the river, and he gathered for me as we passed the thickets and borders where they grew, knots of the pale pink roses, tufts of the purple heliotrope.

Still the morning wore on. We could hear the hay-makers singing and whetting their scythes in the fields beyond the river. A boat with a white sail came slowly floating down the stream, and from it proceeded strains of music and glad, girlish laughter. Right across the garden, in the old barn, was a bustle of preparation. "The men were going to the hay-field," said Donald. "He must follow them soon. Would I go with him over the river?" "No," I answered, "I say good-by to you this morning, ere the dew be dry—have you forgotten that I go home to-day?"

We had paused in our walk. I looked down, scattering as I did so, the leaves of the half-faded flowers. I managed, however, to secure one cluster of the poor, faded roses, one tuft of the drooping heliotrope. They

will mind me, I thought, of this and other rare mornings, in the days to come, when Donald is all Anna's, and I am forgotten. And they do mind me of that fragrant summer-time now, after the lapse of so many years.

I was eighteen then—now I am twenty-seven; I ought certainly to have outlived all school-girl sentiment. But I am foolish enough now, to recall with a strange, intense longing, that year in Brimfield, the dreams I dreamed, the whole enchanted time.

In the main, I am very sensible. I am a good sister to Mary and John, and do the best, most praiseworthy acts for their little family. I left them all a little time ago for some trifling article from my desk, and right in my way, as I opened a small secret drawer, lay this ebony box, that as I write lies open on the table before me; containing heart-treasures—precious relics of that red-letter year in my life, and instead of going back to the cool morning-room, where Alice waits, and where her great white baby crows and laughs in its own sweet fashion, I take the box to the table and look over the contents, as I have many and many time before. I take up the dry, faded, worthless leaves. There is little fragrance in them now, faded and quite dead are they, as the loves, the hopes, that bloomed and faded in that single year.

Donald has been indeed all Anna's. I have tried so hard not to wish it otherwise. She loved him very tenderly; this I always knew, even before she made me her confidant, in the year in which I first knew and loved her. Donald has been blessed in his home; this I have seen, because I have been the true

cherished, faithful friend of both. I have gone in and out from their beautiful home, and no one has guessed that I have felt like one banished from the delights, the joys of paradise.

How the memories of the epoch days of my life come crowding into heart and brain to-day! I bethink me of a day by the seaside, Donald and I alone. Has he ever gazed into Anna's eyes as into mine that day? I dared not read all they seemed eloquently to say. What might have been had I done this? But Anna would have faded—died, perhaps. God has given me strength to walk His ways alone.

Now that I can think of all calmly, I do not regret that I said to my own heart—"Be still, for Anna's sake." On that day—day above all days! I feigned not to heed the low-spoken words of tenderness that appealed to all my heart. I had heretofore neglected his slight gifts of flowers and books, and that morning threw delicate shells, that he had been at infinite pains to gather, back into the fickle sea. "I know you will and should marry Anna West," I considered. Therefore I was not surprised—was not thrown off my guard, when he said to me that morning, among the roses—

"Margaret Damer, stand here! Let me see your face. I shall marry Anna West, this year—soon."

"I knew it before," I answered—"I congratulate you."

He should have left me then; but he did not. He gathered both my hands in his, looked straight into my eyes, and said—"Margaret, do you care?"

"Why should I?" I answered, carelessly—"Why should I weep and lament, when two friends, dear to me, dear to each other, take each other 'for better, for worse?' Marry Anna; make her happiness. By and by, according to the usual course of events, I shall follow your most worthy example. Now good-by," I said bravely, as I would have left him. "We have prolonged our leave-takings. I only intended to have said farewell to you in the briefest possible fashion, and here I have absolutely wasted two hours in the performance of the ceremony. One word more, though. Don't, if you and Anna care for me, invite me to your marriage—one is the exact counterpart of another. So let me stay at home quietly, and read the church service, and think how brave a bridegroom you will be, how fair and bonny our sweet Anna."

"But you will not forsake us utterly, if I let you off on your own terms?" said Donald.

"Oh, no," I said lightly, releasing my hands from his. "When you have taken each other 'for richer or poorer,' I shall stay my weary feet often at a friend's door—so it please you and Anna."

Thus we parted. He went over the river to the hay-field, I returned slowly up the broad path to the house. I could watch him from my chamber window, and through blinding tears, asked myself if Anna could love him as I did—if she could make his entire happiness?

The train that would take me home that day would leave in a short time; so I locked my trunks, put on my travelling-hat and dress, and went down into the cool spring-room, to find Mrs. Pattison, with whom I had lived while my brother and sister were abroad.

"And so you must go?" said good Mrs. Pattison, when I at last found her, putting the last finishing touches on her rolls of golden butter, "and I must lose you. I would love to keep you always, darling. You almost fill Susie's place."

Here she glanced up to the sweet portrait of Susie Pattison, who, but a year previous, had gone from a beloved home to Heavenly mansions. We had come into the parlor now; I sat on a low seat beside her.

"I suppose it is all right—all for the best," she continued. "I have been watching you and Donald in the garden, Margaret, and I can't make it right that you are to be separated. Donald told me everything last night. Dear boy! God bless both you and him. You are very noble, very generous—I love you for it all, dear child, and may God have you in His most holy keeping, and make you able and glad to do His blessed will."

Just then the railway carriage came to the door.

"Now good-by, dearest, best Mrs. Pattison," I said, rising. I shall live on the memories of this summer in Arcadia till I see you again next year. Be my dear, good auntie till then. I shall have confused recollections of strawberries and cream, buttercups and daisies, clover fields and forest paths, shining rivers and mountain lakes—enough in such pleasant memories to keep me amiable and good till I see you again. I leave innumerable good-byes, for you to distribute as you will.

The day was gone; twilight had succeeded a pink and golden sunset, as the train stopped at Pembroke, my home. I rose to meet John at the car-door, his face fairly radiant.

"Mary and the bairns are waiting," he said, and a moment later I was in Mary's arms.

"When you have paid your respects to the matron, come and kiss me," said John, dryly. I did this, nothing loth.

Later, in my own room, with only familiar objects about me, I thought—I have a precious home—love and friendship I possess—let me be grateful, and forget to repine at any of God's dealings.

"What happened in Brimfield?" said my good brother-in-law, John Hastings, a few weeks later. Did you imbibe too freely of the mountain nectar? Did you see ghosts on the little men in green? Or worse, Maggie, did you spend long summer evenings with village gallants, talking sentiment and nonsense on the banks of the river *Weir*? Positively, if you don't get back the roses into your cheeks, and revive some of your old girlish fashions, I shall make a vow with Mary never to go roaming again; to remain at home and keep strict watch and guard over you. Heed my warning, young lady," he said, as he left the room.

A moment later, he came back with my hat and mantle. He tied the ribbons of my hat, fastened my mantle, then took me down the walk, to the carriage that stood waiting.

"You are to ride with me to-day, and often," he said. "'Over the hills and far away,' till there is a whole garden of roses and lilies in your face."

The years since then have not passed drearily. They could not well, in this happy home, where those I best love dwell. Every year, until the last, I have spent some time in Brimfield, with Mrs. Pattison, and in Donald's and Anna's home.

Last year Anna died. Since then I have received no token, save a brief note, written by Donald soon after that event, in which he says:—

"MARGARET:—

"You congratulated me years ago, when I said—'I shall marry Anna West.' Now weep with me, my friend, for death has entered my home, and taken Anna. She is at rest forever with the redeemed and sanctified.

"DONALD."

I will not say that I do not now and then think of what may possibly be. Some day, Donald may seek me. We may in the coming years walk in the same path. But whatever of good or ill betide, I am resolved to perform every duty, every good work, so well, and

with so true a will, that I shall have little time to think of what may never be.

LATER.

Four weeks ago I laid aside my pen at the above words—"Never be!"

Margaret, my namesake, came looking into my room.

"What now, darling?" I said. Did mother send you?"

"Not mamma, but a nice gentleman—a tall man, like father, with black eyes and such a kind face. And he asked, too, if my name was Maggie, and he says, 'may be see you soon?'"

To-night in Brimfield, under the dear old roof with Mrs. Pattison, again I continue my record, so strangely interrupted four weeks ago. Roses and mignonette, heliotrope and lilies, fill this night air with a strange, sweet fragrance. I go to the low window and look out into the late night with a peace in my heart that passeth understanding, for Donald but this evening gathered for me fresh dewy knots of roses, as we walked together in the purple twilight. We talked—my hands fast in Donald's, as if he would never let them go—of Anna's translation over the river, with praise and thanksgiving.

"In the face of the eternities," continued Donald, "she said that I had made her happiness. And I believe I did," he added, fervently. "I prayed that she might never know that she lacked one drop in her cup of happiness."

The stars faded in the light of the new risen moon, as we lingered in the garden. I could see now how intently he gazed down into my eyes. There was no need now that I should turn away my face.

What followed was very precious. Words were spoken that bring the sweet, glad tears to my eyes. I am all Donald's now. It does not matter the year of conflicting joy and pain—the after years of patient, living, holy trust.

I shall go home to John and Mary to-morrow. Donald will accompany me, now, to tell his own story. I have no doubt but they will quite approve him—that even they will think him worthy of their sister Margaret. So I know that soon I shall come back to Brimfield, on the river *Weir*, and stay with Donald Wilson all my life long.

If we are afraid to correct our children when they deserve it, not only will the world hereafter, in some way or other correct them, but ourselves, in and through them.

Rachel.

OR, WAS IT FATE OR PROVIDENCE?

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ICE BROKEN—A STORY
HINTED AT.

"Who do you think I received a letter from to-day?" asked Roselius, as Rachel arose from the instrument, and moved slowly across the room.

"Really, uncle, as I have not the pleasure of knowing any of your correspondents, it would be difficult for me even to guess."

"Well, then, you've surely heard me speak of Lord Meriden, with whom I stopped some months in Stirling Hold, in England."

"Oh, yes; I remember; you frequently spoke of the splendid style in which he lived."

"Well, he is dead. His son is Lord Meriden now—a fine fellow, I should think; was a handsome boy when I was there; and he writes, that being ordered a sea voyage for his health, he intends to call on me—which means, of course, that he will pay me a visit."

"Then," thought Albert, despairingly, catching the beautiful eye of Rachel, as she passed him again, "there'll be three men in this house who will love Rachel, for how can he withstand her? Pray Heaven he may not be a brilliant *roué*."

Rachel went with the news to Mrs. Constanzi. She improved every opportunity of being on favorable terms with them, if even for a short time, for hers was a loving nature, and unless in open and hating revolt, she could not bear to feel that they were not friends.

"Is it so?" cried Adele, springing up, with delight impressed on every feature; for she revered anything that savored of nobility or royalty. "Oh, mamma, we're to have a real lord here, then, and we shall have grand parties, for Uncle Roselius will spare no expense, I am sure. I wonder if he is handsome? But then, no matter, as long as he has a title, and is probably very rich."

"He remarked that as a boy he was handsome," said Rachel.

"All the better!" was the joyous response; and then suddenly came a cloud, for who in the presence of Rachel, with that subtle, nameless charm in eye, brow and motion, would think of her?

"It will be as it always has been," she said, when Rachel had retired, "Rachel will absorb all his admiration, as she does that

of every man who comes here. I wish she was dead or married."

"You are too sensitive," said her mother, though, marking the peevish expression that seemed at times to have settled upon Adele's countenance; much to her disadvantage, she too felt a pang of misgiving. "If you would frown less and smile more, you would be fully as handsome as Rachel. You are too young to look careworn."

"I can't help it, mamma; I hate that girl; her presence seems like a great cloud. She, the beggar, the nobody, to be preferred to me, the daughter of a Count! I don't care if papa was poor, and an exile, he was a Count, for all that, and everybody who comes here knows it; but see how she is worshipped, and I must stand in the background, and take whatever she leaves. It is too much to bear."

"I tell you again, you are too sensitive. Push yourself forward. Smile and sing as easily as she does—speak of her as a foundling—a nobody; people will soon learn to estimate her at her true value."

"Everybody knows as much about her as we do. Indeed, I heard a certain gentleman say that her frankness about that part of her life which we could not endure to mention, was her most charming trait. Oh, she can do anything, and say anything, yet be admired. It's a way she has; and yet I believe if she met that horrible Tite in the street, whom she talks of sometimes, she would stop and shake hands with him; I verily do."

Mrs. Constanzi, who felt as much annoyance at Rachel's popularity as did her daughter, managed to change the subject by dilating upon the new and costly dresses she should buy, and the new set of jewels which in some way she should manage to get.

Meantime, Rachel, going to her old resort, found there a bouquet, carefully placed in an old Dutch vase. Regal colors were they all, those splendid flowers, blood-cored carnations, deep purple hood azalias, their webs misty with rich drops of dew, pale lilies, golden honeysuckles, the pink swamp-flower, with its translucent leaves all aglow, the queenly tulips, orange-hearted, with flames of crimson and fiery red shooting from their straight stems. The girl gave a low cry of delight—these flowers were her favorites—all—and they fairly illumed the dusky old room. As she lifted the burden of sweets, a little note appeared, appended to a silken cord, fine and white.

"How much pains he has taken!" she

thought, her heart telling her who the donor should have been. But when she read it, her cheek grew suddenly pale, for on the little note were these words:—

"For my beautiful Rachel, who may before long, if she will, become the blessing and brightness of the household.

"From ROSELIOUS."

Strange!—the thought of what might be meant by lavish presents and caresses came to her heart for the first time.

"Who *may* if she will," she murmured—"may if she will—may what? Oh, Heaven!—can it be for that—he has cherished me so long? And I—ungrateful—owe everything to him. How could he lay upon me such a load of obligation?" The bouquet fell from her nerveless fingers; her lips in their ashy whiteness trembled, and the tears gathered slowly on her lashes.

The doorway was darkened for a moment. It was Albert.

"Pardon me," he said; "I thought you were with my mother. I was copying an antique, and wishing to add something, thought I could supply myself here. But you are in trouble. Allow me;" and he lifted the bouquet from the floor. "How beautiful!" he added. "What consummate grace in grouping. No limner's pencil could do them justice—only one thing that I know of is as perfect."

He raised his eyes to hers. She felt and accepted the delicate compliment from him.

"Is this my uncle's taste?" he asked.

She blushed consciously, as she replied that it was, still holding the note in her hand.

"Ah, he must be happy indeed!" he half-sighed—"one can see it in all his actions."

"And why, pray?" she asked.

"Why? Don't ask me." And he half-turned.

"Albert—I insist upon knowing what you mean. I am bewildered, having just received an intimation——" She stopped, embarrassed.

"That he loves you—not as a ward or a daughter?" repeated Albert, in a tremulous voice, not looking at her.

"Oh, Albert! this distresses me. I have no one to go to for advice. I am motherless—fatherless; he has been everything to me. Oh, what shall I do?" She covered her face with her hands.

Albert stood irresolute.

"Do just what your conscience dictates,

Miss Rachel. But perhaps I am intrusive with my advice."

"No, no; I feel so lonely; don't treat me with so much ceremony. Be to me as a brother in this emergency."

"I dare not," was his hoarse reply.

She looked up, and seeing the smouldering fire in his eyes, drew back a little, her heart beating, her frame trembling as if she had done a guilty thing.

"Shall I go?" he asked, setting his lips together, his chest heaving.

"If you will—yes," she faltered.

"No, I will not; I will not be a coward in this emergency, but a man. I—oh, Rachel!—if I had said what he has said—if I had dared to presume!—forgive me!" he added, humbly, as she turned haughtily away. "I forget that I am also a dependent upon his bounty. I have been a madman to think—and yet, Rachel—oh! for these two years I have thought of nothing but you." The plaintive voice, tremulous in its suppression, touched her to the heart.

"It is not that you are dependent, as you say, that I wish not to listen to you, Albert; for I know you have that within which confers more than fortune ever can; but your mother and sister—and—your uncle. You see how I am placed—I owe everything to him," and she made a gesture of despair.

"You speak of my mother and sister," he said. "They have been your enemies, and so far, they have been mine. I am a man now, remember, not subject to their influence in any way. My mother has no fortune to hold up as a whip-thong—my sister may go—to her husband, when she gets one; and as for my uncle, it was a barbarous way—a cowardly deed in him, to take your fresh young life, and mould it for his own selfish ends. I can't forgive him—indeed I can't."

"Don't speak so of him; indeed, I do feel that he has been everything to me. I do love him dearly, as I would love a cherished father—you cannot make me forget my gratitude."

They did not hear the faint sound of footsteps outside in the corridor; they did not see the crouching figure of Roselius, his face shrunken with almost mortal agony as he listened; they could not hear the anathemas that came smothered from his throat, nor could they see the gleaming eyes, with a tiger's passion in them.

"Nor do I wish you to forget your gratitude; but to sacrifice yourself, that is another

thing. If I read you aright, it is what you would do, if approached under some circumstances; but oh, Rachel?" He held forth his hand; the anguish in his eyes pleaded more eloquently than language could; responsive throbs beat in her bosom; what could she do but lay her hand in his?"

The tiger-eyes flamed, outside.

It was instantly withdrawn, however; the effort to bring her nearer was unsuccessful; she shook her head, stepped farther back into the gloom.

"Rachel," he said, his voice low and solemn, "did you ever go up in my uncle's studio?"

"Never!" she replied.

"Then you never saw the picture there?"

"What picture?" she asked, wondering.

"The picture of a woman, the most beautiful face I ever saw, with one exception."

"And that one?"

"Is your own."

"But what of it? What mystery are you going to unfold to me now?"

"No mystery, Rachel; but—I wish you could see that picture."

"Why?"

"You would ask questions about it."

"Yes, I should say—'who was she?' and inquire if it was any one Mr. Roselius knew. Did you hear that?"

"I heard nothing," replied Albert, leaning against the wall.

"At if somebody breathed hard. I wonder if the old room is haunted? I was never here so late before."

"You need fear nothing while I am with you, canny or uncanny," said Albert, a proud sense of his power thrilling all of his veins.

"But about that picture; you know something, or you would not have spoken of it."

"I only know that it is the picture of a lovely English lady—who, I cannot tell; that my uncle knew her in England, and, if report be true, brought her to America, against every will but her own. What became of her, I don't know."

"Was she his wife?" asked Rachel, breathlessly.

"No." And there was a long silence.

The young girl divined what was not spoken. The flush on her cheek mounted slowly to her forehead.

"You must go," she said, slowly.

"I obey you," was his reply. "You will shake hands for good-night; I shall not see you again, perhaps."

"What!—never?" she exclaimed, compelled to speak, she knew not why.

"Oh, I didn't mean that—though it may prove so, after that English lord comes wooing."

"Nonsense!" Then she added—"I am also English."

"What! I never knew that."

"Poor papa used to say so. Strange, but I seem to think of him so much these few days gone. Is the picture there yet?"

"Where?—in the studio? No—vanished, since I have been allowed to paint there. I wish you could see it? and yet, I don't know why."

CHAPTER XV.—A DECEPTION.

"The base dog!—the whelp! Oh, my God! keep my hands from violence!" cried Roselius, as he gained his own room. For the first time in his life, he looked really haggard and old. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes dry and discolored, his lip bitten almost to laceration. A pitiful object he was, indeed, bent and broken, remorseful, unhappy, and stung almost to madness by the discovery he had made that his nephew had stolen the heart he counted his own.

"I cannot bear it—I will not bear it!" he exclaimed, madly striding the length of the floor and back again; "she shall be mine; she *is* mine. Heaven and earth shall not keep her from me! I'll—I'll murder him, if he comes between us. She shall die before she marries another man. Great Heaven! have I cherished such hopes for this? The serpent! he! living on my bounty! Was it for this I educated him—provided for all his wants? Oh, how have I been foiled and duped by my own! Oh, Rachel! Rachel! sole light of my life—why have I loved you so, child? To have my heart-strings torn asunder? She has been kind, gentle, unresisting as a little child; she has been, till now, my Rachel—my first, devoted, honorable love—the love of my maturer age—the love I would peril my soul to gain—now it is snatched from me. Foolish girl! she knows not what she loves yet—I will forgive her. She will think of it when I set before her the burdened life of poverty, and the life of ease and splendor which she will have with me. Like a bird in a rare cage, shall she sit and sing. I must have her—I will—if death stands on the very threshold of my bliss—I will!"

As he said thus, he grew calmer. His steps became equal; the flush faded from his face.

Some desperate resolution gave him back his manhood. Brushing his disarranged hair from his forehead, he drew long breaths, took his portfolio from the desk near, arranged ink and pens, then sent for his nephew. What passed between them was not known, only that Roselius gave some important business matters in his hands, which would require him to leave before daybreak, and be gone for how long a time he knew not.

Rachel avoided her guardian that night, and on retiring to her chamber, found Mysie, the housekeeper's little niece, waiting there, curled up in the corner of the broad window-seat in the moonlight. A start and cry of astonishment brought the child to her feet.

"Mr. Albert told me to come and stay here, Miss, till you came," said the child, "and give you this." A little note, which Rachel read as well as she could, after lighting her night-taper, for it had apparently been written in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Rachel!" it read—"pity me, for I am to leave you. My uncle must have divined that I love you—pardon—and let me say it now, since I may never see you more. Oh, my love!—my love!

"I ask as a favor, but do not urge, that you will meet me once more. The little balcony under the east wing is accessible to you from your room, and to me from the outside. It is in an opposite direction from Uncle Roselius's rooms. Come, if only for five minutes—one minute. No one will know, for it leads through the library, and the ante-room adjoining. If you have any pity for my despair, let me see you soon after you receive this.

"P. S.—I have something to tell you with reference to the portrait.

This had been an afterthought, apparently a sort of bait, for Rachel's curiosity was intensely awakened about that picture. In fact, the whole matter was tinged with a romantic interest which she could not resist. In a moment she had decided that she would see him. Her heart appealed for her—she loved him as she thought she could love no other man. But alas! in the future every step she might take seemed destined to be environed with difficulties. The child dismissed, she extinguished the taper and waited awhile, reassured by the complete silence that pervaded the house; then cautiously opening her

door, she entered the library. Guided by the faint moonlight, she reached the ante-room, discovered the window open, and a dark figure, standing attired as if for a journey.

"Do not come out here, Rachel," he whispered, "the air is damp. Stop there inside the window. I have but little to say; speak low, for my uncle may be up."

"Are you really going to stay, Albert?" she asked, the strangeness of his voice and manner almost chilling her.

"Forever, it may be; and perhaps it is best that we part. I am poor; so are you; the poor are not often blessed either in love or marriage. But about that picture, Rachel; it was all a mistake; at the last, I revolt from injuring my uncle's fair fame. He is a high-hearted, generous gentleman, who would not wrong any woman. Think kindly of him. He has been our best friend."

"If you say this, I promise you I will," she said proudly, struggling with her tears. Something had fallen against her heart, shut to, like a gate of ice.

"And now farewell, Rachel. Sometime I hope we may meet again. You will not forget me, Rachel?"

"I shall not forget this meeting, at all events," she said, coldly.

"You will shake hands with me?"

She gave her hand mechanically. He bent over and kissed it. At any other time, when her wits were less wandering, she would have noticed that the lip that touched her hand was soft as any woman's; not mustached, as was Albert's; but now it escaped her intuition entirely. The window was let down, and she was left alone, angry with him, angry with herself for having come, to listen to such cool, dispassionate language.

"Could he have feared or known that he was overheard?" she asked herself, or has Mr. Roselius bribed him? Oh, the thought is shocking! I will not attribute such motives to him. He spoke of poverty—why, with such talents, should he be poor? Surely, I do not covet want; my whole nature revolts against it now—against all the associations that I remember as connected with the home of my childhood. Luxuries have grown to be almost necessities, and though I could for love dispense with many of them, yet I should feel the loss keenly."

Humbled and indignant, she groped her way back to her chamber. The more she thought of that interview, the more angry did she grow with herself for having yielded to

his request. Thinking did not solve the mystery, though she sat up for hours, perplexed, anxious.

In the morning, she was surprised by receiving yet another letter. It was handed her by the same little maid.

"As I sit awaiting with impatience the time of our meeting," it said, "I am constrained to write a line or two more. If you do not come, what anguish will fill my soul. I shall not be happy one moment of the time that I am away. Dearest, my journey may terminate in England—in Germany; I know not; but you shall know. Should no letters come, remember that they must be *intercepted*, as I shall most certainly write. Enclosed is a little picture on a flake of ivory; will you keep it? It is considered good—was taken by Porfreys, a British artist—a splendid fellow! It is said to be very like. And now blessed, blessed Rachel, (if you knew how often I repeat that beautiful word!) good-night, till I see you. The very thought of meeting you but for a moment, thrills me with a joy so great that it seems as if I could hardly bear it. Oh, if I could know of a certainty that you ever think of me! You will tell me to-night, will you not?"

"I would write longer; but if I filled ten sheets, I could not say more than the blissful words—'I love you!' Remember, that I keep repeating them to your image in my heart, every hour of the day. Oh! ever to hear them from your lips, what sorrows would I not undergo? From your devoted

"ALBERT."

"Strange!—strange!—how different from that chilling interview of the previous night!" thought Rachel, as she finished the note. At first she had a mind to tear it in pieces, and scatter the fragments to the winds; but better judgment prevailed, only to perplex her more than before. The flake of ivory rested on her hand. Yes, there was the face to be proud of loving!—so true!—so serene!—so manly handsome! The bright curls swept back with so regal a curve from the low, full forehead! the eyes—wonderful, passionate, Southern eyes, the white sparkle of fire crystallizing their depths, till one seemed to see into the noble soul beneath.

"I do love him—I do love him," she murmured, tenderly; "but—that interview last night—what did it mean? what could it mean? Again and again she pondered, till perplexed

and wearied with thought, she turned her attention to her toilet which before she never performed with so little interest. It was a trial to meet the glances of Mrs. Constanzi and Adele, hard to meet the gaze of Mr. Roselius, than whom she had once childishly thought she could not love any one better. There was something, however, that attracted her in her guardian's appearance that morning, a touching sadness that became him better than his merriest moods. It brought up vividly before her all the life she had spent under that roof—his kindness, tenderness, forbearance, his almost lavish extravagance for her sake. She pitied him, knowing how she must soon answer him, and trembled as she thought of the important moment.

"Where is Albert?" queried Mrs. Constanzi.

"Oh! mamma, I forgot, there is a letter addressed to you in Albert's handwriting. It came while you were asleep, and I did not like to disturb you."

"Albert has gone away on some business of importance, for me," said Mr. Roselius, firmly.

Rachel's cheeks were ablaze. She tried to suppress all signs of feeling, but it was impossible, especially with Adele's keen eye fastened upon her. Mrs. Constanzi felt the awkward pause that followed, then she too turned to Rachel, suspicious of some trouble in that direction, her vindictive feelings all awakened.

"Was it not very sudden?" she asked.

"It was, very sudden, madam," said her brother, in his decided way, "but I had need of his services."

"Oh! of course it was all right," responded the woman, drawing her own conclusions from the constantly deepening cheeks of Rachel, whose distress seemed to augment every moment, until she felt as if head and face were bursting.

"You saw it, mamma, you saw her change color. I am sure it is on her account that Albert has gone. You know that he had made arrangements to stay here."

"Oh! my children!" whispered Madam Constanzi, "must they be sacrificed for that miserable girl?"

"I told you before, mamma, that I was sure she would contrive to get Al. fastened to her ear, but thank heaven! uncle saw through it, and has frustrated her artful plans—though I think the move he made was for his own advantage."

"You shall not say that of your uncle," cried Mrs. Constanzi, angrily; "do you think he is a fool?"

"Yes," replied Adele, steadily. "I think everybody who comes near that Rachel grows a fool. What in the world is it? What power has the girl got? I wish you could see Mr. Stanhope watch her. I believe he stands ready, any moment, to marry her, and he so rich!" the girl sighed.

"She has the power of the wicked one, that's what she has," said Mrs. Constanzi. "Oh! if I could do it and never be known, I'd poison her."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Adele, her dark eyes wider open than before.

"I hate the very sight of her; it makes me tremble when I speak to her, and she so cool and insolent—the low bred minion!" her voice shook with passion. Adele had never seen her so moved.

"Is there no way we can get rid of her, mamma?"

"No, not that I see. Your uncle will disgrace himself and us, by marrying her. Once head of the house, her reign will be omnipotent, for the blind fool, yes, you called him well, a fool, is led by the turn of her eyelash. She mistress, and what becomes of us? My daughter is homeless and I am ruined, for if he has children of his own, all his fortune will go to them, and what will become of us?"

"Oh! mamma, it is more dreadful than I thought," sobbed Adele. They were interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"Please, Miss, the things are come for Miss Rachel's inspection."

"You must search elsewhere," said Mrs. Constanzi, coldly, "she is not here. For Miss Rachel's inspection—of course," she added, bitterly, as the servant left the door. "I am a unit—you a nonentity. I wonder he does not send our purchases to her that she may first take her choice."

"Well, we cannot help it—we must submit, for all I see," said Adele, wiping her eyes angrily. "For my part, if I could avoid meeting her, or speaking to her when we do meet, it is all I would ask."

"May I come in?" The breezy rustling, and the odor of violets, then that beautiful, though not quite happy face, beaming in upon them. "Silence gives consent," she continued; "bring them this way, Joseph," and forthwith came the black body servant of Mr. Roselius, bearing a huge box in one hand, and a heavy roll under each arm. Rachel herself bore two small packages.

"I thought I should prefer looking over them with you; and remember, you are to

have the first choice, because that is perfectly right. I expect; from the peep I got, that the jewels are magnificent. That will do—you can go, Joseph." Thereupon the packages were unrolled, broken into, opened, and the soft lights like snow and gold blended, that burst upon their vision, banished, for the time, all Adele's thoughts of vengeance. Mrs. Constanzi stood by in dignified silence, not a whit obliged to the young girl for her kind thoughtfulness; it was no more than their due, and to tell the truth, she did not fancy being under the obligation, slight as it was.

"There! did you ever see more beautiful laces? What taste your uncle has, Adele. In these things he shows an artist-eye. Now, Adele, take what you like without the slightest reference to me; that's what I had them brought for." Adele was by no means slow, or unwilling to avail herself of the proffered kindness, and Rachel not having fixed her preference upon any of the charming things, was very well suited with what was left. There were bracelets and necklaces, one of pearl, mounted with gold, the other stones of a pale, sparkling green, not steady in their light but changeable as the waves of the sea, according well with Rachel's stately beauty. Secretly she had hoped that Adele would choose the pearls, and she did, seeing no splendor in those bits of glass, as she called them.

CHAPTER XVI.—OPEN WARFARE AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

"By the way," said Mrs. Constanzi, looking aside, "do you know what Albert has gone for? It is very strange and sudden."

The tell-tale blood suffused Rachel's cheeks again. She did not know, to be sure, but her heart had divined the reason, and she had no doubt they had, also.

"It was as strange and sudden to me as to you," she simply answered.

"Indeed," replied Madam Constanzi, so boldly that Rachel was roused inwardly, though she kept her temper down.

"It seems hard that my children should be sacrificed," said Mrs. Constanzi, fretfully.

"What do you mean, Madam?" asked Rachel, rising to her feet, and facing the woman.

"Don't look so brazen," said the offended lady, "I can't bear brazen women. I mean just what I say," she added, her temper rising; "it seems hard that my children, especially Albert, should be sacrificed for such as you. There, that is the whole of it; it is said now. The silly boy admired you—you coquetted

with and encouraged him by every means in your power, and to avoid a mesalliance he has gone away—to what fate heaven only knows.”

“A mesalliance—a mesalliance,” repeated Rachel, in a voice of scorn, thickened with anguish and anger. “If I am not nobler than you—for none but a vulgar woman would treat the orphan and dependent as you have treated me—then there is no such thing as nobility. What do I care for your son? I would not marry him now, if he brought kingdoms and laid them at my feet, burdened with women as you for mother and sister, you who can taunt the sad and the lonely, and to answer your selfish ends would gladly see me degraded and dependent. But, Madam, your son *does* love me, as I believe he will never love another woman, and I did not think so much of him, but I could *refuse* him—ay, and proudly, too.”

False, false, Rachel; indignation has changed that heart for a time—so good, and true, and noble. A little of truth there was mixed up with this passionate declaration—for the moment she really thought she did not love this man, whose blood ran through such veins.

“And I will prove to you,” she added, with increasing vehemence, though her voice was low, “that even I am not to be scorned with impunity. It would perhaps be better for you to court my favor, than to risk my anger, for I assure you you may learn to your cost, that the despised Rachel has power that many covet, and might, if so inclined, humble even your haughty head. Have you decided about these baubles?” she asked, with a voice and manner totally changed, turning to Adele, who stood like one petrified, trembling with a vague fear—for she was a coward at heart.

“I—yes,” she murmured, her voice scarcely audible.

“No,” said her mother, whose white lips trembled with passion, and whose lurid cheeks seemed suddenly sunken. “Take them away; she shall be degraded by no favors at your hands—take them away.”

“You can ring for a servant, Madam, and send them to my room,” said Rachel, with cold dignity, as she turned, and scarce seeing her way, walked with stately air to the door. But once in her own room she gave way to the almost maddening emotions that filled her soul. How could she punish them,—those two miserable women, who were goading her life out of her with their daily persecutions? There was but one way, and in the blindness of her anguish she decided to take advantage of

it now, cost what it might—there was no time for thought, for reflection—none. It must be now or never. Taking that little flake of ivory, she held it in dumb sorrow against her lips, her heart. One heavy, choking sob, one burst of wild, irrepressible grief, and she had inclosed it forever, she said to herself, in a little casket which had been the gift of Mr. Roselius, in a secret compartment, which, once shut, she would never open again. Then she shook off the almost savage sorrow that bowed her soul to the earth, and turning to the mirror arranged her hair and her dress, thinking of nothing only the stinging insults she had received so long, and whose enormity had never seemed so revolting as now in this review of the chilling past. Here was that style of beauty which is brightened and glorified by deep feeling, consequently she never had looked as lovely as when, still irate and indignant, she appeared before Mr. Roselius. She had not yet by any intimation acknowledged the receipt of the flowers. He sprang from his easy-chair and put aside his paper.

“You so seldom appear here in the morning,” he said, surveying her with a kindling eye, that I don’t know as I ought to make my apology for not being dressed in honor of your visit.”

“Don’t make any apologies, my dear sir,” she said, looking about her. “I came—for—a book that I thought perhaps I left here.” That was true; the evening before she had left a book that she had glanced over.

“Let me assist you;” they both walked to the centre-table. In moving the gilded annuals and magazines their hands came accidentally in contact. For a moment he held the little white prisoner, then, confused as a boy, he begged her pardon, and turned away, almost unmanned. If he was to lose her *now*! The very life of his soul seemed fainting within him. He noticed the quick flush, and that she did not seem angry or indifferent. With a sudden desperation, he turned to her. His face had grown white, his deep, dark eye glittered, his breath was quick and labored. All the signs of a young, pure, bashful love were in this man’s looks and actions. Rachel could not seem indifferent, though she began to feel some remorse for her own temerity. Strengthening herself, however, by thoughts of her friendlessness, her homeless condition—that last interview with (as she supposed) Albert Constanzi; she awaited the result, which came in a formal, fervent, declaration. Not until she witnessed the rapture with which he re-

ceived her too quiet assent—not until she felt herself folded to his heart, did she really and truly repent herself of what she had done. Then such a terror came over her that she could scarcely command her faculties. Everything she had ever done or felt before seemed holy innocence in comparison with this deed of falseness, and when he pressed that the marriage might be soon solemnized she begged for time, more like a culprit whose sentence is under consideration, than a happy, expectant bride. Three, six, and finally eight months he conceded. He was to tell no one but his sister and niece, and even then to put upon them the seal of secrecy. Her victory was won—her vengeance likely enough to be complete, but with what was it bought? Loss of self-respect, agonizing doubts, tormenting fears. The little flake of ivory would not lay quiet in its grave; it reproduced its living image in a tablet of flesh and blood. It grew still more and more vivid, as she sat by herself with clasped hands, and tear-wet cheek, from which all traces of color had fled. The results of her diplomacy were seen at once, in the entire, almost abject submission of Mrs. Constanzi, and the dark skinned Adele. The former felt that her power was lost, and cringed and fawned to obliterate, if possible, the terrible impression her cruel conduct had made upon poor Rachel. Adele was rather glad than otherwise, after thinking it all over—there would now be some chance for her, even though the world was not yet to know the true facts of the case—she felt certain that in some unconscious way her uncle would be sure to communicate it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Victor.

BY N. R.

Be silent, tempter! speak no more!
 Thy voice I will not hear,
 And cease thy pleading in my heart
 Thy power I do not fear!
 That syren voice in days of old
 Tempted the son of God,
 While in the pathway of the tried,
 With bleeding feet he trod.
 And as he conquered thee by prayer,
 So may His trembling child,
 Rise o'er thy magic power at last,
 To be no more beguiled;
 And in His name I bid thee go!
 I will not leave the road,
 Marked with the Saviour's footsteps,
 The path that leads to God!

A Reminiscence of '61.

BY G. A. C. H.

How well I remember that morning in April, three years ago. I wonder, will anybody ever forget those days? Those Sumter guns vibrating to the northernmost hills, and sending echoes to every valley however narrow and remote. The nation's pulses felt the shock, and quickened under it as the pulses of the system answer to the bound of the startled heart. How individual trials, before seemingly overwhelming, shrunk to nothingness in the face of this wholesale calamity. How business stagnated. How social barriers tumbled. Our sympathies went out as fully to, and our tears flowed as freely for the poor washerwoman who sobbed out that "Jamie, the bairn, was just bint on goin' to the war," as for the good and great man who wept unrestrainedly for his own and the nation's woes, but who said firmly, "Go, Geo ge, go; I bid you go; but, O, I never thought 'twould come to this! God forgive them!" And he who stood first and best in all our hearts throughout the commonwealth, deemed it not unmanly to wring his hands as he paced the library, while words precious as pearls fell on the ears of his stricken family, and tears sacred as the blood of heroes and martyrs coursed his aged cheeks.

We get on every page, and never once too often, sketches of hospital scenes; of the young life going out suddenly or slowly; of the deception practiced to let the delirious boy believe that mother, sister or that other one is ministering to his wants; of the letters when all is over to the anxious or in some cases to the unsuspecting family at home—all this we read with throbbing hearts and brimming eyes, but who shall tell us of the homes where these missives enter, bringing darkness, desolation, and sometimes, I fear, almost despair?

It was my purpose to picture faintly one of these, never doubting but there are thousands of unrecorded ones beside which mine would pale and grow insignificant; for our boy was summoned not from the carnage of the battlefield, the hideous prison or a slow death in the Chickahominy, but after a few brief weeks of camp life he sickened and died. Was he less a war martyr for this? I think not.

But to go back to that morning in April. It was after that first call for seventy-five thousand men had been rung through the length and breadth of the land, and it seemed to our excited minds as if it must almost depopulate

the country, at least of young men. Certainly this last call for a half million was heard with indifference compared with that. There were no quotas then apportioning a certain number to each town that *must* be raised, but in our own minds the homeless young men and worthless middle-aged ones were selected to go. Was ours of the number? No, not in a single instance. Talk of Spartan mothers and Roman matrons, it reads well, I admire them, but truth compels me to say that of all the mothers I have known who have given sons to this war, the utmost stretch of heroism has been to say, "If it *must* be I will try to bear it."

So when one night two stalwart boys went out from the home circle to one of those first volunteer meetings, we thought, as they said, it was only to see how the thing went on. We sat long over the dying embers deploring the sad state of things, present and prospective; but had the faintest panorama of the scenes which have since transpired been spread before our eyes, how should we have shrunk appalled at the vision. Well is it ordered that the future is hidden from our view.

A sleepless night was followed by a late morning nap, and when I entered the breakfast-room the family were gathered for the meal. How strangely they all looked. One had been weeping, and the rest wore a fixed and stolid expression, as if—but I couldn't understand it at all. A consciousness of some new trial impending crept over me, but there was no time for questions, and we drew round the board. Grace was said, though in a voice so husky as to be almost unintelligible, and when, the meal half over, one left the table in tears and another suffered them to fall silently in her lap, I said, "What is it?" I caught the shake of a head from across the table, meant for the one to whom I had spoken, but he answered, "She must know it sooner or later," and turning to me said, "J— has enlisted." I did not move, but I suppose my face, already blanched with sorrow, grew whiter, for a cup of water was placed to my lips, and the same kind voice faltered "Drink." I drank, and then my eyes sought J—'s. He had been trying long and manfully to govern his feelings, but now with a choking sob rushed from the room. In a moment I found voice and tears, exclaiming, "His mother, God help her!" It was a little prayer, only three words, but a fervent one, and I believe as effectual as the studied utterances of pulpit or prayer-book.

In the enthusiasm of the meeting on the

evening previous, J— had placed his name on the list with others, pledging to go on in a week—that time to be spent in a hurried visit to his home in western New York. He had come East to attend school, and in the vacations spent with us had so endeared himself to every one that we dreaded the separation even for a school term—and now he was going to the war. But there was no time for regrets or remonstrances, as he started for the cars in a half hour, and he held my hand only long enough to say, tearfully, "You see, Annie, there were men putting their names down there last night—educated, useful men—leaving wives and children behind; and could I, with no such tie, stand back and see it go on?" And there followed a dozen other good reasons for what he had done, proving him a patriot to the core, and regretting nothing but the pain it was giving his parents and friends. "Besides," he added, cheerfully, "I shall be back in a week, and by that time you will feel differently." There was some hope in this, and we kissed the dear boy good-by easier for thinking it was not the last. But it *was* the last; we never saw him again.

When he reached home there was a company forming there of his old companions in the Sunday-school and play-ground, with a beloved class leader for captain, and his mother said if he must go she preferred to have him go with them, as then she should hear from him whenever any among them wrote home. And so it was arranged. The intervening weeks were spent in strengthening the bonds of love, till to one heart at least it seemed as if parting must be death. She was fully persuaded in her own mind that he would never come back.

Mother, whose eye rests here, *you* remember just such feelings. We had not then become accustomed to war's grim visage, and it came so suddenly that we couldn't see anything else but our darlings huddled together, a sea of heads to be shot at, and if one fell, the remaining life to be trampled out by the hurrying feet of men and horses, till the dear faces we had pressed to our bosoms were unrecognizable, and the smooth limbs—O, God, the thought was torture. We did not know the facility with which letters could come and go; the exact place which every man was known to have filled, so that there need be no long weeks of agonizing suspense, always more harrowing than certainty even of the worst; neither did we know then what we do now, that though there have been cases of inexcusable neglect,

of surgery merely experimental, occasioning needless suffering with loss of life and limb, yet, regarded as a whole, the care and kindness our sick and wounded have received has no parallel in the world.

We never thought it strange, this presentment of hers that she should never see her boy again; indeed, it was but natural. For fifteen years all her love, her every thought and aspiration, had been for this child, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," and who not similarly placed can tell how their hearts clung together. True, a late second marriage had given J— two sweet young brothers, to be, not as in some instances dividing lines, but added links in the chain of affection. He was proud of the babes and their fair, sweet mother, never looking in her brown eyes but to feel a fresh assurance that he was still first. Sometimes in those last days, when he found her weeping silently, he would clasp both her and the babe she held in his loving arms, and seek, with hopeful words and promises, to reconcile her to the separation.

"Mother, to stay home would be to act in direct opposition to all the lessons you have ever taught me. It is my *duty* to go; nothing else impels me, or has from the first. I am dazzled by no rewards, lured by no promises beyond the hope of doing all that one pair of willing hands can do to put down rebellion, and save for you and the rest at home the blessings of a free country; for that is what it will amount to in the end, slavery for all or freedom for all."

Brave young patriot; how true were all his words, how exalted the motives by which he and those who went with him were actuated. Volunteering was not then a matter of a thousand dollars in or out of pocket; there were no bounties except the pittance of a hundred dollars, promised somewhere in the future, and that was scarcely thought or spoken of. Money was not the engine which set that first army in motion—it was patriotism, enthusiastic love of country, indignation at the perfidiousness of the serpent she had nursed in her bosom, and in each individual the desire predominated to put his heel on its head. The best proof of this statement lies in the fact that, in the writer's circle of acquaintance at least, *every one* who lived to return have re-enlisted; gone back to be in at the death.

There are men good and true now in the ranks, but their energies are weakened by having for every third man a convicted criminal, who escaped fine or imprisonment by en-

listing, or, what is worse, a boughten, copper-head substitute, who succeeds in arousing in the loyal breast only a desire to run through all traitors whether found in the Rebel or Union lines. In those first days there was little time spent by soldier or citizen hunting deserters or keeping men in their places. The army was a band of brothers, united heart and soul, the moving power a sense of duty, the object a triumph of right; and in the coming day, when heroes are marshalled to receive their promotion, will not they stand there as they stood here, FIRST IN THE RANKS? In many homes J—'s words will seem a mere repetition. "Do not say one discouraging word, mother; you are one of the thousands whose hearts must be broken by this war, for I must go at my country's call. Her dependence is in her young men, and if we fail her, what will be left for any of us to live for? And you at home must not be idle; you must work more and pray more."

But this state of things could not last always. Shudderingly the days and nights were counted, till the dreaded one of departure dawned. Everything was in readiness, so far as loving hands could make it. Hundreds were gathered in the streets to escort the company, the pride of the village, to the depot a half mile distant; but nothing could induce the mother to join this throng. She knew she could not be wholly silent, and she would not parade her grief to the public eye. There had been all along little seasons of prayer together, little words of counsel dropping from her lips, responded to with, "Yes, mother, I'll remember, you shall have no cause to blush for me." So this final moment brought only a lengthened, straining clasp, with sobs and kisses and tears.

Aged grand-parents and the stout-hearted father near were weeping like children, not for their own sorrows so much as that there was no balm to offer these. There was a call from the waiting group in the street, and with gentle violence the clinging arms were loosened, the half fainting form laid back on the sofa, and for a single instant J— knelt, laying his head just where he used to sob away his childish griefs, and felt for the first time, as he afterwards confessed, that this was the last. Moments like these *could* come but once this side the grave; severings like this have no reunion but in Heaven. Half way to the gate he turned, and through the open door gathered in at a glance the dear form, the pale face with its closed lids, a picture to be borne about with

him in all the hours of absence, then silently joined his comrades.

There was many another sad parting scene in the village that morning, and at the depot a shaking of hands; low, tearful words, lingering, loving glances. I am certain there need be no fictions written for the next half century. Could the partings and meetings, the captures and escapes, the deaths and marriages which have been the immediate result of this war be fully delineated, a pen in every survivor's hand would fail to accomplish the task. Let them be recorded to the minutest detail for a hundred years hence, every incident pertaining to "The Rebellion" will be regarded with the same interest we have felt in the "Revolution."

For the soldier there was the excitement of travel, the novelty of camp life; for those at home "more work and more prayer." But there was a heaviness at the heart which even prayer could not lift. The hands went through their routine while the mind wandered off to camp, wondering what Billy or Georgey, the pets who used to make the house ring with their glee, were doing at this moment; whether their faces were blanched with sickness or their feet bearing them towards the battle-field; whether they were hopeful and cheerful as when they left, or were pining for the home voices which had never in their lives been missed so long before. Letters were looked for eagerly, and when received, held for a moment, while an involuntary supplication went up for strength to bear the contents whatever they might be.

J——'s breathed always the same loving spirit, the same unflinching faith in God's special care over him, and a disposition to say, "Thy will be done." He wished others to share in this feeling. When about to leave Staten Island for Washington, which was then threatened, he closed a letter with, "Mother, if I am not permitted to write or see you again, do not mourn my death, *think of my duty*. I am willing to leave all future prospects and be wrapped in the stars and stripes and laid in my grave. *Remember me in your prayers.*" He usually made this request, having an unlimited faith in the efficacy of prayer. And he was remembered, oh how often and how fervently, for her forebodings took a darker hue from his words, and the hours dragged wearily waiting and dreading the next news. She learned to start at sight of a stranger, and to watch anxiously the face of a friend, to know if he were the bearer of evil tidings. Soon enough they came—the tidings. A beloved comrade

wrote to say that J—— was ill of fever; he might be better soon, but it was thought best to let them know so, if the friends wished they might come on. That was all, but to the mother there need be nothing worse; it was the death blow to hope. To go to him was impossible, and with an anguish unutterable gnawing at the heart-strings, she could only strive to be reasonably calm and await the event. Self was forgotten in importunate pleadings that his life might be spared, at least to come home again, but if this were not in accordance with the divine will, that God would be his strength and support in the trying hour.

We who have sat at the bedside of an earthly idol, watching the cheek blanch, the eye grow lustreless; the failing breath, the silent lips, unanswering even to our wild kisses—never before unheeded—felt that there could be no deeper depths. With moral perceptions half deadened we begged that we might share, nay, endure all their suffering, even death, only so the beloved one might be restored to life and beauty. We tasted only the bitter dregs, forgetful of the mingled sweet for which many a breaking heart has vainly yearned—that of ministering to the latest wants, receiving the last loving kiss, the whispered farewell. Time, the great healer, brings reconciliation to death's divorce, but this regret lingers always,

"Had I only watched beside thee."

Who that has felt it shall attempt to portray the long drawn agony of those hours. Imagination pictured every conceivable shape of suffering with which disease could torture its victim; she heard her name called in the loud tones of delirium, and in half rational utterances he plead for "mother's" soft hand to press his brow and cool his lips. Often and often she saw him pale and quivering in the death struggles, then a faint ray of hope stole in, and she chided herself for being so overwhelmed on mere uncertainties.

A few days of this agonizing suspense, and a message came that all was over in camp. Then was heard the voice of lamentation, "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted." Sometimes in the face of an impending calamity we say, with a fancied vain-glorious strength, "I know it must come, I am measurably prepared;" but when the blow falls, sink helpless, crushed beneath its weight. In the first smart of the stroke we forget the Hand that gave it, but after a little, creep back to the foot of the cross, conscious

that nowhere else can the pain be eased, the burden lightened.

So now, when the half frantic wail ceased and coherent supplications were heard instead, we knew that Christ in his tenderness had reached down, whispering, "I will not leave you comfortless." "We are forbidden to murmur, but not forbidden to regret." Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and they said of Mary, "see, she goeth to the grave to weep." Filled with sorrow for the dear face she should see no more in life, this mother wept, but not as one without hope, for her son had gone home to Heaven.

J——'s death cast a gloom over the whole village. "He was greatly beloved," one writes, "for his noble, generous, and willing spirit." His home was the centre of interest, and friends came in throngs, anxious to show their sympathy in word and deed. The body was to be sent home for burial, and in a pleasant spot in the cemetery a grave was opened for its reception. Everything was in readiness at the appointed hour, still it was delayed, and for several days an escort went to the depot only to return disappointed and wondering. Excitement was at its height in the breasts of all, and telling fearfully on the health of one, when word came that a defect had been discovered in the metallic coffin, and the authorities would not allow it to be removed till cold weather.

Oh, those weary, dragging months; that waiting, gaping grave. It seemed as if calmness and quiet were never again to visit that stricken household. One after another of those visiting Washington were commissioned to attend the removal, but always some unforeseen difficulty presented itself, and finally a friend of the family, who had made earnest, but fruitless efforts in their behalf, kindly advised them "to yield to the force of circumstances, and leave him to rest where he had fallen at the post of Duty." He was buried in the government cemetery near Alexandria, with hundreds of his compatriots of the high and low in office.

So the grave at home was refilled.* Slowly died the hunger for the questionable comfort of again beholding the dear features; of making sad pilgrimages to, and finally reposing beside him in his last resting-place; but there was no help for it, and you who acknowledge

God for your Father know where strength was sought, and resignation found; 'twas in the assurance that though severed here, a blissful reunion awaits them in the home where partings never come.

"Say ye, 'his life is lost;
Our home's sweet comfort and our crown of hope?'"
Nay, friends! his life has now a grander scope,
A living holocaust
To God, and Truth, and Right.

A hero-heart is still,
And eyes are sealed, and loving lips are mute,
Which bore on earth the spirit's golden fruit,
But peace! It was God's will."

The Lighter Burden.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A pleasant family sitting-room. Time, evening. From the small bronzed chandelier hangs a drop light over a centre-table covered with books. The warm air comes in through an open register, giving to the apartment a genial summer temperature. The room is not large, nor is the furniture costly. Everything is plain, but good and comfortable. Three young children, who have closed their evening game of romps, have just passed out with their mother—it is their bed-time—and the father sits alone. A few minutes ago smiles lit up his face, caught from the children's gladness; but these smiles have faded; a cloud has dropped down over his countenance; he is gloomy and troubled.

Thus sat Mr. Catherwood, when his wife returned from the chamber where she had left her children in the keeping of angels. Her heart was light: but a hand seemed laid upon her bosom the moment she came back into her husband's presence. A feeling of care and anxiety oppressed her. She looked earnestly at her husband, and saw that his brow was clouded.

"What troubles you?" she asked. "I hope nothing has gone wrong?"

"Everything is going wrong!" Mr. Catherwood answered. "How we are to make both ends meet, is more than I can tell. Coal has gone up to twelve dollars a ton!"

"To twelve dollars?"

"Yes; and everything else in proportion. Food, clothing, taxes, nearly all double what they were; and to-day I received notice that our rent would be raised from four to five hundred dollars."

Mrs. Catherwood drew a quick, sighing breath.

*The same stream which chants its endless requiem near this beautiful cemetery, a few miles farther down sings to the home of the young hero whose last words were, "Now, take your thumb off Charlie."

"To five hundred dollars!" she responded, the trouble in her face growing deeper.

"Yes; but if that were all," said her husband, "we might get along easily enough. It is the advance in every item of personal and household expenditure that is going to break us down."

"Don't say break us down, Henry." Mrs. Catherwood's voice was choked.

"I do say break us down!" he replied, with a fretful emphasis. "What is to hinder? Everything breaks down when the burden goes beyond the strength."

"We must begin to limit ourselves," said Mrs. Catherwood. "We must lighten the burden by throwing over all superfluities, and even some of our comforts. Better this, than to break down."

"I wish the war was over." Mr. Catherwood spoke with a gloomy impatience. "If it goes on much longer, we shall have nothing left."

"I think," answered Mrs. Catherwood, in a gentle, suggestive tone, "that compared with many others, the war, so far, has touched us very lightly. We have not suffered the abridgment of a single comfort."

"The abridgment is to come. It is even now at our door," said Mr. Catherwood. "And, if the war continues, it will go on and on, until absolute want stares us in the face."

"If need be that we suffer for our country, let us do it patiently," replied Mrs. Catherwood, who was of a more hopeful disposition than her husband. She had already risen above the depressing influence of his state. "In any event, our circumstances are such that we shall never be called to suffer even a tithe of the pain that will be laid on thousands of stricken hearts. And if our portion of the common burden be so very light in comparison with our neighbor's burden, is it well for us to complain? With so much left to be thankful for, is it not a sin to murmur? I thought of the starving Union prisoners in Richmond, as I sat at our plentiful table this evening; of the fathers there, who left children at home as dearly loved as ours; of the husbands there, whose wives weep for them bitter and unavailing tears. Oh, Henry! for us complaint is sin!"

Mr. Catherwood made no reply to this, but dropped his eyes away from his wife's face and looked down at the floor. Thought went to the starving prisoners in Richmond; to the homeless men, women and children, who were suffering in exile for love of country; to

the thousands who had sacrificed their all; to the sick and wounded in hospitals; to the sorrowing ones scattered all over the country, who mourned their loved and lost. He felt rebuked.

The door of the room was opened with a jerk, and a servant came in. Her manner was excited.

"What's wanted?" asked Mrs. Catherwood.

"They've sent for you next door."

Mrs. Catherwood started to her feet.

"Is anything wrong there?" she asked, alarmed by the servant's tone and appearance.

"Yes, ma'am. They've got bad news, and Mrs. Lester has fainted dead away."

"News from Captain Lester?"

"Yes, ma'am. He's killed, they say!"

Mrs. Catherwood struck her hands together, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain.

"When did it happen?" asked Mr. Catherwood. He spoke with forced calmness. His face had become pale.

"They didn't tell me, sir. The girl was all in a flurry, and said, 'Please ask Mrs. Catherwood to come right in.'"

No delay occurred. Without stopping for shawl or hood, Mrs. Catherwood ran in to her afflicted neighbor. Mr. Catherwood followed soon after, thinking that he might be of some use. He learned that a despatch had been received announcing the death of Captain Lester in Western Virginia, and that Mrs. Lester had fainted on receiving the intelligence, and was still insensible. Two children, a boy and a girl, one six and the other eight years of age, came with noiseless steps into the parlor. On seeing Mr. Catherwood, they paused with a timid air. He held out his hands, and they came and sat down on the sofa, one on each side, and leaned their heads against him. There was something wrong in the house. Their mother was ill, suddenly and strangely. No tongue yet had uttered the fatal truth in their ears. They did not know that they were fatherless. But they felt the chill and shadow of impending evil. Mr. Catherwood's heart grew faint and his eyes wet. He could not trust his voice to speak to the children; but he put his arms around.

"Mamma's sick, said the little girl, looking up at Mr. Catherwood with a sober face, as he drew her, with a tender, pitying impulse, to his side.

"I'm very sorry," he answered her, softly.

"And I'm so sorry," responded the boy.

"But the doctor's coming, and he'll make her well," he added, in a tone of confidence.

Alas for the unhappy mother! Hers was a sickness beyond the skill of any mortal physician. Time only, with God's mercy and loving-kindness, could heal the hurt of her soul.

Mr. Catherwood did not reply, though he felt that the little troubled hearts beside him were waiting for some responsive assurance from his lips.

Vague sorrows do not rest very heavily on the hearts of young children. The unconscious orphans, up later than their usual hour, were presently asleep, leaning against Mr. Catherwood. Their nurse came in and took them away. How his heart yearned towards these children—suddenly left fatherless. He thought of his own little ones, still within the sphere of his protecting love; of his wife, still leaning against him as her stay in the world; of himself, safe from the peril of shot or sabre-stroke, and involuntarily he looked upward and said—"Thank God!"

The doctor came, and stayed an hour with Mrs. Lester. Life moved again through her pulses, but unconsciously continued. There was nothing that Mr. Catherwood could do for the family, and so he returned home. His wife came in soon afterwards; the relatives and friends of Mrs. Lester having arrived and taken her place in the chamber of the still insensible widow. Her eyes were red with weeping for the sorrow of another—her face with pain for the suffering of another.

"Oh, Henry! Isn't this sad, sad!" And Mrs. Catherwood laid her face upon the shoulder of her husband and sobbed. "Poor Mrs. Lester!" she added. "It will be better for her if her eyes never open again to the light of this world. If it were not for her children, I could wish she might pass away and join her husband in the other world."

Mr. Catherwood made no response. He was thinking of the complaints he had uttered a little while before; and of his impatience and weak despondency under his small share of the common burden which a great national calamity had laid on the people's shoulders.

"God has been very good to me, Henry," said his wife, breaking in upon his thoughts—"very, very good! I have my husband. Oh, if you are spared, I will suffer whatever evil may come, and seal my lips in silence. Poor Mrs. Lester! My heart runs over with sorrow at the thought of her."

"You have not complained." Mr. Catherwood spoke in self-humiliation. "It is I who have murmured; I who have been ungrateful. How

selfishly blind I was! Looking inward upon our own little world, with eyes jealous over our own good,—fretting and anxious because the cost of living had so increased that some of our luxuries must be given up; while thousands and tens of thousands had been called to abandon everything—homes, estates, friends, even life itself!

"Yesterday, I met a soldier on the street. Both arms were gone, and the empty sleeves of his coat hung loosely at his sides! I shall not soon forget the expression of his fine face. There was humiliation in it. The ultimate power of a man is in his hands and arms; and these were gone. If he had lost both legs, his arms remaining, the active mind would yet have the agent by which to work its will. But, the arms gone, he is helpless. He cannot put food into his mouth—he cannot dress himself. He must be almost entirely dependent upon others. I was haunted by the man's image long after I passed him in the street."

"It is by contrasting another's evil with our good that we see the greatness of our blessings," replied Mrs. Catherwood. "Oh, my husband! Let us be chary of complaint, lest, being accounted unworthy, our good be taken away. What if we find our income too small for our present way of living? Then, let us cheerfully step down a little lower, and thank God for what is left. I lay awake at night often, thinking of those who are suffering up to the very climax of human endurance for their country's sake—of poor refugees, old men, tender women and young children—driven from their homes; hunted by bloodhounds; hiding in swamps and caves; hungry, sick, dying! Of the wounded on battle fields, perishing alone; of the sick wasting in hospitals—of the myriad forms of anguish this war has visited upon our people. Oh, Henry! our burden is so light that it is sin to complain."

"Say no more, darling!" returned Mr. Catherwood. "I am sufficiently rebuked. Come what will, hereafter, my lips shall be sealed."

"I did not mean to rebuke you, Henry."

"No matter. I am rebuked. Complaint came too quickly to my tongue; partly from habit, partly from selfishness, and partly from a disposition to look at the darker side of things. But it was all wrong, weak, ungrateful; and it shall cease. For what the good God sends I will be thankful; and the evil He permits I will try to bear with suitable patience. At present my burden is light—very light!"

Kings and Queens of England.

WILLIAM III. AND MARY II.

William and Mary were crowned July 22, 1689. William was the son of Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles I. and the Prince of Orange. His parents were both Protestants. Mary II. was the eldest daughter of James II., who was a son of Charles I. and Anne Hyde. Mary and her sister Anne were taken from their father immediately after the death of their mother, by their uncle, Charles II., and placed in the care and under the management of their grandfather, Lord Clarendon. Mary was at that time nine, and Anne six years old. As James had after the death of his wife absented himself from the established church, not regarding the remonstrances of the king, it was feared he might have a prejudicial influence on the minds of his children in regard to the Protestant faith. James was sincere in changing his religion. His mother was a Catholic, and was very desirous that all her children should be members of what she considered the only true church, and she was untiring in her efforts to induce them to believe as she did; but her youngest daughter, Henrietta, was the only one that had been educated in her faith, or would acknowledge any regard for it; though it is probable both Charles and James really believed in its truth, but knew it would ruin them politically to confess it. James, at the time of the death of Mary's mother, was the idol of the people; but as soon as they suspected he was a convert to the religion his wife professed at her death, all his services, his naval victories, his inventions, his merits as a founder of colonies, everything was forgotten, and he was pursued with fierce abhorrence. His brother, the king, was obliged to remove him from his position as Lord-Admiral of the British navy, and request him to leave the country till the people could be pacified. His brother assured him that nothing was wanting to satisfy them but his return to the Church of England; but he was too honest to sacrifice his principles to his interest, and would not act in violation to his conscience. He resigned his seat at the council board and retired to Brussels. The power of King Charles was at this time so restricted that he could not prevent the exile of his brother, though the separation was painful to him. Soon the public feeling changed, and James returned and received an honorable welcome; but his enemies secretly watched him.

Mary II. was but four years younger than her mother-in-law, Maria Beatrice, who showed her great kindness. She was born April 30, 1662, a few weeks before the arrival of Catharine of Braganza, the bride of her uncle, Charles II. Even her parents had then no expectation that she would be a Queen of England, and little importance was attached to her birth. She married her cousin, William Henry, of Nassau, when fifteen years old, much against her wishes; the ill-humor of her husband rendered her a most unhappy bride. Before she left England, her aunt, Queen Catharine, gave a splendid ball on the anniversary of her own birthday, November 15, in honor of her niece's marriage. That evening Mary was very sad, and William was very sullen; he never spoke to her the whole evening. His behaviour was remarked by every one present. They had been married but eleven days at that time. William was poor and proud; but he received a large portion with his bride, and King Charles established him as a sovereign prince, and caused his mother's marriage-portion to be paid to him, which rendered him independent. William received generous and noble treatment from the king and his father-in-law, but his conduct towards his young wife was cruel and unjust. Mary was called "Mary of York." At fifteen she was tall, slender and graceful, with a clear complexion, dark hair and eyes, and an elegant outline of features. Her learning was not as good as it should have been; but she had been deprived of a mother to direct her studies. She was a constant card-player, and was in the habit of playing on the Sabbath, as well as on every other day of the week. When not playing, she amused herself with needle-work, and was fond of conversing with learned and pious men.

William III. was thirty-eight years of age when he came to the throne. He was of middle height and very feeble; his health was always poor; he had a high forehead, fine eyes, and a very grave aspect; he was cold, inflexible and reserved; his appearance was plain and his manners unpolished; he was sullen, and never showed any animation except on the field of battle; the camp was his element.

William was ready to dethrone his father-in-law as soon as there appeared any chance of his success. Mary, too, when she had a prospect of coming to the throne, ceased writing to her father, from whom she had always received sympathy and support. After her elevation to her father's throne, she treated him with cruelty

and neglect, which caused him much sorrow. William was averse to religious persecution; he obtained an act of toleration for such dissenters as should take the oaths of allegiance; the Catholics also experienced the mildness of his government; the laws against them remained, but were seldom executed. In the commencement of this reign an important regulation took place in the management of the public revenue; it had been entirely in the hands of the sovereign; now it was divided, one part was for the expenses of the year, the other was assigned to the king for the support of his house and dignity. William received seven hundred thousand pounds; the sum has been gradually increased to his successors, and now is a much larger amount.

William landed in England November 4, 1688, on the eleventh anniversary of his marriage with Mary. He had promised his wife that her father should receive no personal injury, and secretly assisted him in escaping to France. The English willingly received William as their king, but Scotland and Ireland did not submit quietly to the rule of the new sovereigns. A part of the Scots and the Irish refused to abandon King James. They were soon obliged to surrender to William, who led an army against them in person. He was concerned in a shocking outrage in Scotland, which caused him to be detested by many. A party of the Campbells were received as friends by the Macdonalds, and after awhile fell upon their unsuspecting hosts and massacred about forty persons; this gave William great trouble, though he tried to excuse the part he took in the transaction.

William and his new subjects became mutually dissatisfied with each other in a short time. His power was limited, and he found the management of a free people so troublesome that he was very near resigning the crown in disgust. He spent many years on the continent engaged in war with France. During his absence Mary governed the kingdom with mildness, firmness, and judgment, which endeared her to the people, who sincerely lamented her death, which occurred December 28, 1694. A little more than seven years after, William fell from his horse, which occasioned his death, March 8, 1702. He was fifty-one years of age, and had reigned thirteen years. Mary reigned six years.

Many regard themselves as moral, truthful and gentle, because they insist that others shall be so.

VOL. XXXIV.—15

The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XX.

Four summers more have slipped away. The September day, in all its still, luscious beauty of sky and earth, smiles down on the Hudson. And down the path of the noble old river a steamer is making its way, freighted with passengers who are returning from their summer trips, now the season is over—fashionable people, a large part of them, who have spent their money and dissipated their time at Saratoga and Lake George, and come back neither better nor wiser than they went. But there are others who bring a new life into the old; who have found in forest, and mountain, and river, the new evangel of beauty which all eyes may read; who bring with them the power of seeing, and heard the old eternal harmonies with which wind and wave have gone harping through the earth since the morning stars sang over it for joy.

A large part of the passengers were on deck enjoying the fresh breeze and the marvellous beauty of the banks on either side; and there had just been an addition to these in three persons—a gentleman and lady, with a little girl two or three years this side of her teens.

That quiet air of good breeding, which always seems to assert itself unconsciously in a crowd, is about all these people. The gentleman has a linen coat thrown over one arm; the lady wears a dark brown travelling-dress. She throws her veil aside with a quick, almost greedy movement, as the gentleman pioneers her and the little girl, who has grasped her hand, to the side of the boat; and—these four years have dealt gently with Janet Strong—you have no need for a second glance to identify her. A little more womanly the face has grown certainly, but it has lost none of its rare charm of sweetness, and the cheeks hold the faint bloom of their girlhood still; the blue eyes are alive now, feeding in the beautiful scenery of river and mountain; the lips are parted with a smile of still, intense enjoyment. The gentleman watches her face quietly, evidently enjoying that quite as much as the scenery. She turns to him at last.

"What a noble river it is!" she says. "And then I have my birthright's pride in it. To think of all the old traditions and Revolutionary interests that cluster along these banks—our dear old historical Hudson."

And here the young girl's voice breaks in, eager and a little peremptory—

"I shall be able to talk with you all about it, Uncle Guy, before we travel here again, for Miss Janet says we shall read Irving's *Life of Washington* next winter."

"Capital reading for winter evenings," says Mr. Humphreys, and then he searches around in quest of chairs, as these have been pretty closely appropriated by the passengers, and he makes some remark at which Janet laughs, that little, quick, leaping laugh of hers, which has a certain individuality of its own.

It reaches the ears of a couple of travellers not far off, who have been among the Adirondacks for a month, and are returning now, having left the rest of their party to follow some days later. Both of the travellers are sunburnt, as all hearty excursionists are certain to be; but there is a great physical dissimilitude betwixt them. The elder is a gentleman—and I mean this in its highest and finest sense—always and anywhere a gentleman, by the gift of God. For the other, he has a square, sturdy figure, in harmony with his face, with its broad, homely features, lacking in no wise, however, shrewdness and character. His beard evidently receives a good deal of care, though the wearer thereof is the farthest possible degree removed from a fop—a good, sturdy, honest face, whose homeliness wears well as you get acquainted with it.

There is more than half a score of years betwixt the two travellers, though looking at them both as they stand there, you would not fancy the gap betwixt their ages so wide.

Both of the men wear travelling-suits, the elder of somewhat finer texture than his companion's. Both of them caught Janet's laugh. For different reasons it flashed across some chord of memory in both, and both turned and looked at her. In a moment a change came over the face of the younger man. It paled and glowed quickly; he fairly held his breath, hungrily piercing with his gray eyes the face of Janet Strong, then he sprang forward as though impelled beyond his own volition—

"Oh, ma'am, how do you do?" as a man might say it to the friend on earth he was most glad to see.

Janet looked up in blank amazement. His face had something familiar in it that grew on her while she gazed, and yet she could not identify it.

"Don't you know me?" he asked.

"No; but I have seen you somewhere."

"That's a fact, ma'am. If you've forgotten me, you haven't Mark Ritter."

In a flash it all came back to Janet. She put out her hand now.

"Oh, Mark, I'm glad to see you!" she said.

"Not so glad as I am to see you, ma'am," taking the hand in his honest joy in both of his strong ones, while the heavy features were in a light and quiver of emotion.

"I always have had an inward conviction that you were doing well, Mark, and that some time you would come to tell me of it."

"You were right, ma'am; I've had it in my mind for years to call on you, but it was awkward, when I didn't so much as know your name."

Mark Ritter had quite outgrown the raw country youth of four years ago. His language, his accent, his whole manner, were vastly improved.

"I had forgotten that," answered the lady, introducing herself with a little smile—"Miss Janet Strong."

And then she turned and presented her companions. Mark Ritter was shrewd enough to detect under all the quiet courtesy of Mr. Humphreys's manner that the gentleman had heard of him before, while Maude stared with wide-mouthed curiosity, first at Janet and then at her strange friend.

"I see some unoccupied chairs," glancing towards those at a distance which a party had just vacated. "Our friends will excuse us for a little while if I leave them to talk with you."

It was like Janet Strong to say this. She was singularly free from all affectations, and any sudden feeling always brought to the surface the natural ingenuousness of her character. Something of the dew and freshness of childhood lingered about her, and always would. Mr. Humphreys looked amused, but he answered promptly—

"Certainly we will excuse her, if she promises not to be absent too long; wont we, Maude?" and then he watched with a good deal of interest the small figure which followed Mark to the other end of the steamer, and he said half to himself, half to his niece—"She isn't just like any other woman in the world, is she?"

And as he turned away, Mr. Humphreys encountered the eyes of the gentleman with whom Mark had been conversing previous to his recognition of Janet. The gentleman, standing so close at hand, and quite unobserved—for even Mark in his surprise and delight had lost all consciousness of the pre-

sence of his companion—had evidently overheard the conversation, as well as Mr. Humphreys's closing remark. There was a mutual consciousness in their eyes which opened a clear road into speech.

"There is evidently some mystery to be unravelled here," said the strange gentleman, folding his paper and addressing Mr. Humphreys.

"Yes, and I fancy, sir, that I have the clue to it all, although it is of a nature which I am not at liberty to reveal. You know this young man, sir. If you please, I should like some information about him."

"He is a clerk in our house, and has been there four years. He holds now a position of considerable trust; honest and faithful to the core, with great shrewdness and sagacity, which one at first would hardly suspect, for he does not carry his best self on the outside."

After this satisfactory character of the clerk, each gentleman introduced himself to the other. Mr. Humphreys at once recognized the commercial house of which this gentleman was youngest partner, one of the oldest and most responsible in the city. They had many mutual acquaintances too.

So, they fell at once into a pleasant conversation, which soon drifted off to the Adirondachs from which the gentleman was returning, and amidst which Mr. Humphreys had encamped for six weeks the previous summer.

Mark Ritter, with his varied ingenuity and knowledge of country life, had been of vast service to the party in its bivouac in the wilderness, the gentleman affirmed, and he was in the midst of some adventures, which proved the resources of his young clerk in any sudden danger or exigency, when Mrs. Humphreys presented herself on deck, and was introduced to Guy's new acquaintance.

"I fancied," said Mrs. Humphreys, as she took the seat her husband offered her, and it would have been difficult for a stranger to decide from her tones whether she was vexed or amused, and probably the lady herself would have found it equally difficult to analyze her own feelings, "I fancied that I might just as well make my way on deck alone, if I wanted to see anything, as it would not probably recur to your mind that you had a wife who would be glad of any small attentions, before the boat touched the wharf; you were in such charming company—why, where is Miss Janet?" suddenly alive to the fact of her absence.

Here Maude broke in—

"Oh, Aunt Evelyn, such a strange thing as has just happened! A young man by the name of Mark Ritter has found Miss Janet, and"—

"Mark Ritter!" exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, with an explosive start. "Isn't he the one, Guy, who—" Her husband's glance checked the lady's volubility of speech in full tide.

"But are you certain, Guy? Is it really he? I am so amazed."

"It is really he! Try and keep cool, my dear."

This was evidently quite out of the range of Mrs. Humphreys's possibilities. She was in a flutter of curiosity and amazement, and made her husband relate minutely all the circumstances of the meeting betwixt Janet and Mark Ritter; interspersing the relation with all kinds of extravagant and mysterious explications, so that the curiosity of the gentleman who sat near, grave and quiet, listening to all this, must have been more or less stimulated according to the interest which he took in the matter.

Mrs. Humphreys's personal charms had not improved during the last four years; her husband thought her disposition had not, although this he would not have admitted to any one but himself, and possibly one other person beside.

Mrs. Humphreys's beauty was of that apple-blossomy kind which time or sickness wilts so rapidly. Hers certainly had not perished, but it had paled visibly. Her health had had some sharp strains during these years. For a few weeks the new joy of maternity had been given to her, and then—there was a little grave-roof built in one corner of the new burial lot at Woodleaf, and under it lay the first born of Guy and Evelyn Humphreys.

The proud young mother did not know how to take her first sorrow. She thought no grief had ever been so heavy as hers, and nothing in all her previous living had fitted her to bear it. Guy loved his young wife tenderly, and did all that was in his power to comfort and soothe her.

But it seemed as though for a time Evelyn was indifferent to all other love, now that her baby was gone. She made too much a luxury and a selfishness of her grief, and was only at times the bright, merry, fascinating Evelyn Humphreys of old. All this was natural enough. Sunshine alone will not ripen nor mellow the juices of any character.

Mark Ritter and Janet had no idea it was so long, but it was nearly an hour before they returned to the party which they left so infor-

mally. The youth had complied with Janet's first question as they seated themselves—

"And now, Mark, I want to hear all that has happened to you during these years!"

He had told his story, a happy one, in which Janet thought she could see God's guiding hand, which we sometimes lose sight of in the dark passes of life. He had come to the city after leaving Woodleaf, alone, friendless, and with very little means, to seek for employment. One day, walking along the streets, seeking for anything that might "turn up," he saw a young boy mounted on top of a light wagon vainly attempting to manage an obstinate animal, who had discovered that the reins were not in the hands of his master. Mark was equal to anything in that line. He was fresh from the country, too, and stepped forward at once and offered his services, which were promptly accepted.

Mark drove the boy down to the wharf, and then as the latter seemed grateful he made known his quest for employment.

Marcus Drew—that was the boy's name—insisted on Mark's accompanying him to the house in which he was errand boy. One of the porters had left that morning, and Marcus had attempted to supply his place. He conveyed Mark at once to the youngest partner of the house, who listened to his story and seemed at once to take a kindly interest in him, especially after he learned that he was homeless and friendless in the world.

So Mark was duly installed in the missing porter's place. He had not remained there a great while, he told Janet, with very pardonable pride. He had mounted a good many rounds of the ladder since that time, and Mr. Bryant Whitney had always been his counselor and friend. Two years before—his voice fell here—he had visited the old home in New Hampshire, and now there was a couple of neat headstones at the mother's grave and Maggie's, and every May the rose-vines he had transplanted from the little cottage, made a fire of bloom there.

Janet's voice struggled with her tears while before she could answer Mark; at last it mastered the words—

"How glad I am to hear all this from you, Mark! How good God has been to you."

"Very good, ma'am; and may I tell you, Miss Strong, that there has not been a night since that one, that I have not prayed for blessing and happiness on your head? It was you that saved me from a terrible sin once. I've lived to see that now."

And here again Janet Strong had lived for something!

After awhile Mark inquired if she knew anything of—him?

Janet hesitated a moment before she replied. She did not like to confide her friend's story to another, but she felt it was due to Mark that he should know how Ralph Brainerd's wrong to his sister had wrought out shame and dishonor in this world, which it does not always do for the wicked.

She told him how this man, had been betrothed to her dearest friend; a noble and lovely girl, and how at the last moment, remembering Mark Ritter's story, Janet had succeeded in rescuing her friend from a marriage which would have been worse than death, and how Ralph Brainerd had had at last to fly from his native land, in disguise and dishonor.

Mark Ritter's eyes blazed for awhile with fierce joy, as he drank greedily in every word. The fires of his youth must burn low before the thought of Maggie's betrayer would not arouse the old wrath in his soul, but he would never again seek to take God's vengeance into his own hands.

Perhaps Janet Strong had never looked prettier in her life, than she did when she returned with Mark to her friends. Those blue eyes were fairly radiant, those sweet lips were tremulous with happy thoughts, and her cheeks were stained with a deeper flush than the faint tinge they usually carried.

"Why, Janet, how happy you look!" was Mrs. Humphreys's salutation, for the lady had been on the *qui vive* for her return during the last half hour.

"I am," bringing the full light of her eyes on Evelyn, and then, she turned in her quiet, simple fashion, which with her was no acquired art, and presented "her friend, Mark Ritter."

He was received in a manner that might have flattered that young man, had he not possessed acuteness enough to perceive that the cordiality had its root partly in sympathy, partly in kindly curiosity.

And then Mark presented Mr. Whitney to Janet, and they all fell into a friendly and informal talk which was not interrupted until an hour later, when the boat reached the wharf.

Mr. Humphreys coupled with his adieux to Mr. Whitney a cordial request that he would visit him during their brief sojourn in town, and the gentleman promised to do himself the pleasure of calling, provided Mr. Humphreys would bring the ladies out to his residence be-

fore he left the city, which the latter agreed to do.

"It seems to me," thought Bryant Whitney, standing on the pier, and gazing abstractedly after the receding carriage, "that Trot, little Trot, would have made a woman somewhat like her. There is something in her face—in the very turn of her head, the trill of her voice, and the flutter of her laugh, that is like—our baby's."

Mark Ritter touched his arm—the carriage had disappeared now—with some question about the baggage.

"That lady seems to be an old friend of yours," said the master, making a very irrelevant reply to his clerk.

"This is the third time that I ever saw her, sir."

"Indeed, I should not have suspected that from your meeting."

The question suggested some further answer.

Bryant Whitney was the last man to solicit the confidence of another, but this time there was some trace of curious interest in his voice.

Mark looked up in the grave, strong, manly face, so kindly withal. They drew his next words out.

"Mr. Whitney, I owe that woman—that angel, I had better say—more than anybody in this world. She saved me once from a deed which mankind would call—murder!"

"Mark!"

That was all Mr. Whitney said. That sturdy, honest face had no sanguinary look in it.

"It's a fact, sir; I'd tell you the whole story, only—this isn't the place for it."

"Come up to my house and dine to-night and afterwards—tell me what you like," said Bryant Whitney.

So it was arranged, and the two parted. That evening, in the library, where he first met Bryant Whitney, Mark Ritter told the story of his life.

What do you suppose that tale of Margaret Ritter's wrong was to this pure-hearted, noble and tender-souled man, who, having no ties of wife, or sister, held in such tender reverence all womanhood; whose thought of her always had in it some element of manly homage, and who invested her gentleness and weakness with an almost ideal grace and beauty? What was it to this man, Bryant Whitney, as he listened to Mark Ritter's story?

With the anger of a righteous man did his soul loathe the soul of Ralph Brainerd, whom

he remembered meeting briefly once or twice. How could he blame Mark Ritter for seeking this man's life, when he thought of his own young sister, until at last, upon all the foul wrong, the deadly grief, the fearful vengeance rose at last pure, and tender, and holy, less woman than angel, the image of Janet Strong?

From the hour that he first met her in the woods, until that last one in the grove, when, with tears streaming over her fair white cheeks, she besought Mark Ritter in the name of the dead, "not to do this murder"—from that hour to this, did the grateful youth whom she had saved carry Bryant Whitney.

He remembered every word she had spoken, almost every inflection of her voice; it was like living over that time again to hear Mark Ritter's story. Certainly Janet Strong never regarded herself in any such light as she was drawn that night.

And when these two parted, there was a new tie of confidence and sympathy given, and held in sorest need, betwixt master and clerk.

"I must see that woman again," said Bryant Whitney to himself, as he sat long and late in his library that night. And he said it as he never before had of any woman.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wealthy Dana was loyal in her friendships. She had a pretty quaint fancy of individualizing whomever especially belonged by herself. So she had christened Janet "Natalie," because the soft, gliding vowels happened to strike her fancy.

Deeper than all this, she had the gratitude of a generous and noble nature. She never forgot what Janet had once done for her—what she owed to her.

She had recuperated with wonderful rapidity from the blow which Ralph Brainerd's villainy had first struck her. In a little while, it all became to her a feverish dream, on which she looked back with loathing and terror.

But in more ways than one, that shock had done her good. It had in some sense humbled her. Her faith in herself was less imperious; she was tenderer, more pitiful, as all loss and trial should make us.

As I said, for Janet, her gratitude knew no bounds. There was no doubt she would have been Ralph Brainerd's wife, if Janet had not come to her rescue as she had. A few hours must have been fatal. He would, by some plausible sophistry, have persuaded her into the consummation of the marriage before

the arrival of her uncle and cousin, had not Janet been there to thwart him.

All this Wealthy Dana thought over by day and by night in her shuddering soul. She remembered, too, every word that in her frantic pride and passion, she had hurled against Janet. For every one she had entreated forgiveness, in a way that must have won it fully and absolutely from the heart of any friend.

During these years, however, the two had not met frequently. There seemed, Wealthy declared, a kind of fatality, which interposed and frustrated all their plans. For two winters Miss Dana had accompanied an old and very dear friend of her mother's, who was an invalid and childless, and greatly attached to her, to Cuba.

And in one way and another, the interviews of the young girls had always been brief and abruptly terminated by some circumstance over which neither had control.

Twice Wealthy had visited Woodleaf. Janet was perfectly aware that in doing this Wealthy made a great sacrifice to her affection, and that had it not been for her friend's sake, she would never have crossed the threshold, full of painful memories and associations as it must be to her.

Not that the faintest regret for Ralph Brainerd lingered in the heart of this girl. Once convinced beyond a question of the utter unworthiness of the man whom she had loved, and Wealthy Dana was of too true and healthful a nature, not to absolutely relinquish all thought and feeling for him. She remembered him now only with horror and loathing, and yet to any high-spirited, pure-hearted woman, the thought that she had ever entertained any abiding sentiment for an evil man, must come home with a pang of humiliation, although her own innocence and purity may have been the very causes of her deception.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, with Janet and Maude, had been on a little journey to Saratoga and Lake George, and it was on their return to New York that the unexpected meeting with Mark Ritter had transpired.

The family had also engaged to pass a week or two in the city before returning to Woodleaf, that having now become the permanent residence of the family, its former occupant, the uncle of Mr. Humphreys, had died suddenly while abroad, leaving his nephew heir of his estate.

Janet's emotions had hardly relapsed to their natural bend before a letter from Wealthy Dana reached her.

The friends corresponded promptly, and Wealthy was now at the White Mountains, with a small party of friends, and had promised to be at Woodleaf in the early autumn, Janet not having seen her for a year.

Wealthy's whole letter concentrated itself for Janet in a few lines near the close.

"Natalie, my best friend and deepest-ried," she wrote, "my pen has made a long pause here. I have been sorely tempted to close my letter and withhold the secret which it is very sweet to reflect is only mine in all the world; and yet the memory of all which I owe to you, the past salvation, the present happiness, oh, Natalie, it is your right to know, it is my duty to tell."

"For more than three months I have suspected what I know now, although no words on his part have yet told me so, that a certain friend of mine held me in his thought and hope as more than this.

"We have been much together during our tour in Canada, and he is stopping in the same village with us here.

"I confess to you, my Natalie, that I liked him beyond any man whom I ever met, until that evil shadow darkened over my life.

"I cannot write more of it. You know the woman that I am, and that my words mean somewhat beyond themselves. He is a good man, a noble, a true one. Forgive me, Natalie, as I never will myself, that I once said it of that other. He is a lawyer, a few years my senior, standing already high in his profession, fulfilling with honor and fidelity all his relations with all men; and, Natalie, what am I, that I should be worthy of him?

"His name—it is possible you may have heard them speak it; although doubtless it has quite slipped out of your memory—his name is Robert Crandall!"

The letter closed here. It dropped out of Janet's hands as she sat alone in her chamber in the banker's stately home, and Janet's head dropped on the table.

I do not know whether Janet Strong, during these last years, ever put the question to her own heart, whether she was happy. She was not much given to morbid introversion, and was naturally of a sweet-tempered, cheerful habit. But of course the old glamour and "couleur de rose," which at first surrounded her life at Woodleaf, had vanished. Its grace and

luxury were familiar things now. She could not understand that she had ever lived without them. The old life had become a dream. And yet, as the years went on, some vague sense of hunger and discontent took possession of her.

She was faithful to her studies, her reflective powers, her intellect deepened and expanded day by day, but beneath these lay a nature most womanly, without tie of home or kindred, a nature that must arouse itself sometimes with a sense of loss and want.

Then, too, her life was not without its annoyances and every-day trials, smoothly as its first currents had run. Daily contact with anybody is apt to develop their peculiarities and angles of character. It was certainly remarkable that Janet and her patrons got on together for so long a time as well as they did; remarkable, too, that Mrs. Humphreys's first pretty fancy for Janet had survived through all these years.

Still, the little wife had been a spoiled child from the beginning, and when her health failed in some degree, she lost her exuberant spirits, and grew unequal, exacting, and unconsciously selfish.

Janet was the recipient of all her little marital troubles and fancied trials. They frequently worried and exhausted the young girl's feelings, as well as her time; and then, how pitifully small they looked to Janet, whose youth had carried such heavy burdens all alone.

Sometimes, when the weariness and despondency articulated itself strongest, a keen hunger for change would take possession of Janet.

She would half resolve on leaving Woodleaf, and going out once more to "seek her own fortunes"—get a situation in some school, for instance; she was fitted for that now."

But the cable was woven of too many and too fine fibres, that anchored her where she was. Would she ever find a home on the whole so pleasant, with duties so light?

Could she leave the little pupil, who loved her so ardently, and to whom she was so warmly attached? And then, what would Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys say? It would be base ingratitude to leave the friends to whom she owed in some sense all that she now was.

Then for Mr. Humphreys, many a wife would certainly have been jealous of the marked regard which he always manifested for his niece's governess.

Evelyn was always jesting, and sometimes, there was no doubt, pouting over it. That she

never was really jealous of Janet, was proved from the fact that she was always bringing the young lady and her husband together, and if the fancy had seized her, would have gone off visiting for months, and left the two solely to each other's society.

Still, she considered herself the most injured of mortals, if her husband failed in any of the graceful attentions of their early wedded life, and his default here was a source of never-ending complaint to Janet, although the shadow of a suspicion did not seem to cross the little lady's mind that she had the least effort to make to retain her husband's devotion in all its early grace and fervor.

So the domestic atmosphere was frequently disturbed, and there were petty discords, and unkind sarcasms, and little recriminations, of too frequent occurrence. Had Janet been less conscientiously the friend of both, had she been less judicious, had she not kept sentinels at the gates where vanity and love of admiration ever lay in wait, there would have been greater troubles than these. Guy Humphreys and his wife did not suspect how many difficulties she smoothed away, how many little rising clouds of peevishness and anger disappeared before her cheerful smile, her pleasant tones; how she was always turning the bright side of every speech and act towards them. For Guy had his share of the blame, too. He ought to have known that the bewitching child, with her bright spirits, and buoyant health, that he had taken to wife, could not go through life as he had wedded her, nor develop into the serene, noble and gracious womanhood which his mature manhood craved. He was not infrequently careless and irritable himself, having been always accustomed to his own way quite as much as Evelyn; so the fair and stately home at Woodleaf had its skeleton at the feast, too.

As for society, it always had its high tides there in the summer. A young girl like Janet could not fail to attract the attention of the gentlemen who met her. But the best of Guy's classmates were married men now, and for the perfumed and daintily fashionable gentlemen whom she met at Woodleaf or elsewhere, Janet turned from them with simple disgust.

It was very much so in the little summer trips which she took, and which were full of interest and novelty to Janet for a few days, although she very soon wearied of fashionable watering places, not being of material to enjoy them. But a trip to the White Mountains, a

journey on the lakes, were different matters; and then each winter Mrs. Humphreys went several times to New York, and always insisted on Janet's accompanying her once, and so she had for a few weeks a glimpse of New York up-life—not her first one, Janet said to herself with a little quaint smile, thinking of Mrs. Kenneth.

CHAPTER XXII.

Janet Strong could not tell as she sat in her room that morning whether she was glad or sorry for the tidings which Wealthy's letter had brought.

The name had struck her like a blinding flash of light, when the letter and her head dropped together. Amazement mastered every other feeling with her still.

Wealthy Dana, Robert Crandall's wife! She said it over and over to herself, without realizing what the words meant. It seemed only yesterday now that she saw him, standing at the front door, with his bright, handsome face, and his dark eyes smiling down on her.

In all these years, no man had ever made the flutter and tumult in her heart which he did in her little foolish one then. And one of these days she must see him again. There was no getting aside of that, howmuchsoever she might desire it.

And how would he feel when he should first learn that that little girl he could not quite have forgotten, was the most cherished friend of his betrothed?—for Janet saw well enough where it would end. He did not suspect yet; he would not be likely to, indeed—thanks to Wealthy's fondness for pet names, it might be some time before he learned her real one. But sooner or later, the denouement must come.

How like some strange romance it all seemed! What would Wealthy say? Above all, in some mysterious way, the faint shadow of which she saw now, "as in a glass darkly," was God's hand in all this?

Such were Janet's thoughts during the hours which followed the reading of that letter, for Mrs. Humphreys and her mother had gone out shopping together. But deeper than all her thoughts, lay some inarticulate pain in the heart of Janet Strong. She did not analyze it. It was there, indeed, more or less, always now, only at times it made itself felt more sharply than at others, and oppressed her soul with a vague sense of want and desolation. At such times it seemed to her that she was among all the happy and blessed women in the world,

left alone and forgotten. Her heart, her womanhood, would make its want heard, for somebody to love her, somebody to love. That sick, dreary pain, she had learned to dread, and this morning it came over and seemed fairly to stifle her.

"God help me!" prayed Janet. What else could a woman pray, in such need as hers? What if He was nearer than her weak faith saw!

At last, the ringing of the lunch-bell startled Janet up with a little cry of amazement. The morning had slipped away so rapidly.

When she descended to the dining-room, after a hasty toilet, she found the whole family at the table. Mrs. Humphreys was in one of her hilarious moods. Her mother was reproving the waiter for some heedlessness on his part, when the former broke in with her explanations.

"You see, Janet, we have met Mr. Whitney this morning. You remember—the gentleman we saw on the boat—and it appears that he called on us yesterday, while we were all out, and brought us an invitation to pass Thursday with him at his residence, half an hour's ride out of town, and we are all engaged to go, for he especially included you in the invitation."

"That was merely out of courtesy, Mrs. Humphreys; I should prefer to meet Mr. Whitney's wife before I visit him," answered Janet, whose interest could not easily be directed from the channel which now absorbed it.

"But you can't, my dear, for the simple reason that the man hasn't got any," at which they all laughed.

"Just think of an old bachelor's keeping house in that fashion! I was myself a little in doubt about accepting the invitation, until I saw Mrs. Hastings, whose husband is a business friend of Mr. Whitney's. I mentioned the matter to her, and she said that we must not fail to go. He has a perfectly charming home, and everybody is delighted who gets an invitation out there. He has a housekeeper—some old friend of the family, I believe, who entertains his guests in place of the wife, who is not. I wonder, Guy, why Mr. Whitney never got married. There must be some reason for it. I mean to ask him about it."

"That will be presuming a little too far on your host's good nature, my dear, gently reproved the lady's mother, who was aware that her daughter had a good deal of pretty audacity, which carried her to great lengths sometimes.

"I never saw a man that frightened me yet, mamma, from saying just what I wanted to—I shall not let Mr. Whitney."

"And you will accompany us, Miss Janet?" said Mr. Humphreys.

In her present mood the prospect of this visit did not look attractive to Janet. She cast about in her thoughts for some excuse, but none presented itself. It never occurred to her mind for a moment, that it was for her sake the unexpected invitation had been given, or that Mark Ritter had confided to his employer all the causes of his reverence and gratitude for her.

The pleasantest days of one's life are not always those whose events are the most vital, or that would be most attractive in description. This was the case certainly with the guests of Mr. Whitney that day. Nothing happened to most of them that was striking enough to relate—in a book at least, and yet it was a singularly enjoyable day to every member of the little party.

Everybody seemed to feel as soon as they entered it, the peculiar atmosphere of Mr. Whitney's home. They seemed to nestle down in some sweet, perfect calm and rest, which left the world outside a great way off. In just what this subtle charm dwelt, nobody could tell. Indeed, one would not be apt to question; content only to be anchored in that atmosphere of perfect home peace and calm. World-weary men and women came here, and if they had work to do, went out with new wisdom and courage for it; and many came, too, of whom the world knew nothing; the suffering, the lonely, the forsaken, the erring, and the broken-hearted, and found under this roof medicine for soul and body.

The house, inside and out, was something that Bryant Whitney's stylish friends would have called nothing more than "comfortable." All of them probably lived in statelier homes than this one. The quaint old English house was walled around on every side, and was smothered in fruit trees and shrubberies. The place was an old one, grounds and all, which even this nineteenth century had let alone, and care had well preserved. Mr. Whitney had purchased it of the original owners, who had returned to England to occupy an estate which had fallen to them there.

The house, although it was so near the city, stood on a road which branched off from the main one, and was quite in the country, where

winds, and birds, and leaves had it at their own free will.

The building occupied an imposing site, and commanded a picture from every window, some of which were wide views, sweeping the country with miles of mountain, and valley, and water, and the great city in the distance; and others framing dainty little gems of scenery, bits of green color and beauty, and swaying motion that made one fairly hold one's breath.

Inside, the house was furnished with great simplicity. The warm, soft pearl and gray tone which prevailed, seemed in keeping with the place. The pictures—gems all of them, poured light, warmth, color over everything.

Mr. Whitney stood on the steps to receive his guests, when the carriage had wound up through the thick shrubberies to the house, and just inside the door stood his housekeeper, a little, faded woman, with such a kind, motherly face that it drew you to it at once. Certainly it did Janet, whom a motherly face had always attracted.

This day had a peculiar individuality in keeping with everything else. It was a cool, still day, wrapped up in a soft fleece of clouds, out of which at times the sunshine seemed just ready to break, filling the sky with a kind of inward light, and then it faded softly away into the clouds again.

Janet had come this morning with a good deal of reluctance. She had not anticipated any pleasure from the visit, and would have been glad of any excuse to remain at home. Her feelings had been for the last two or three days in a tremulous, vibrative state. The slow pain that came with reading Wealthy's letter lingered always about her heart. But as soon as she entered, the soothing-home-calm of Mr. Whitney's house, she seemed to herself to nestle right down in it. How happy she was that day.

She went about from one room to another with such a bright, sweet content in her face; or out among the walks of the rambling plethoric old garden, with all its little surprises of ponds, and arbors, and shadowy nooks, into whose green darkness it seemed that one might retreat and dream forever; among smooth terraces, with frills and beds of rare and choice blooms, and grand old fruit trees and vines that held the year's ripe nectar in plum and clustre. The small company of guests, which only included the Humphreys' family and Mrs. Winchester, bestowed itself at its own free will. Everybody did at Bryant

Whitney's just as they liked, and that was one great secret of the enjoyment of his guests. They never felt like company.

He never came upon Janet's face that day, never came upon the small, swift figure in room or walk, but it reminded him of little Trot. It could not have been a mere fancy of his either, for Mrs. Powell, the housekeeper, remarked to him the first time they met, after the arrival of the guests—

"Did it ever strike you, Mr. Whitney, that Miss Strong was like anybody you had ever seen?"

"Yes—yes, it did," he said, a little gravely, as one is apt to speak, thinking of the loss.

"These people are not her relatives," continued the old lady, smoothing a wrinkle in her black dress.

"I don't know, indeed. I fancied she must be a cousin of either Mr. or Mrs. Humphreys, as I believe she resides with them."

"Oh no. The little girl told me that Miss Strong was her governess."

I think, for some reason which he could not have defined, Bryant Whitney was glad to hear this. He would have been quite surprised to know himself how many times during the last three or four days he had puzzled himself respecting the relation which Janet occupied in Mr. Humphreys's family, for of course Mark Ritter knew nothing of this.

Did the man's very unusual interest in the young lady arise out of her resemblance to his little sister, or because of what Mark Ritter had told him.

And now Janet began to feel a new interest and regard for her host. Everybody did who entered the charmed atmosphere of his home. That grave, kindly face, the smile in the keen, but gentle gray eyes, when they rested on hers, touched her somehow, and she found herself speculating about what manner of man he was, and what made him live there in that quaint, shadowy old house, all alone, without ties of family or kindred?

They had constant little talks, too, out of doors or in the house; talks about the weather or the scenery, that are not worth repeating here, and yet that revealed something of each to the other; showing some taste, some opinion, fancy, which more superficial listeners would not have discovered.

After dinner the ladies, as was their habit, laid down for an hour. Maude accompanied the gentlemen on their foray into a bit of the woods at the back of the grounds.

Janet had left the room with the ladies, but

she never indulged herself in any mere luxury of rest, and so, as the freedom of the house had been cordially extended her, both by her host and his housekeeper, she wandered out of one pleasant room into another, and at last stopping at each window for the new view it afforded, she came down into the library, where we first met Bryant Whitney.

The tone here was warmer and darker than in any of the other rooms, because the owner used it almost exclusively in the winter. Janet pleased her æsthetic tastes awhile in surveying all these things, and then her glance suddenly dropped on the table, and on the small, blue china mug that stood there on its pedestal of rare wood. She leaned forward with a low, passionate cry, she caught it up greedily, and turned it all around, and then covered it all over with such hungry kisses, as a mother might her child lost and found, and sitting down by the table she broke into such a storm of sobs and tears as had never in her life shaken the soul of Janet Strong. It seemed as though all the want and pain, the sense of home-loss and yearning which her soul had held down for years, and which of late had made themselves felt so keenly, broke through all barriers now.

A great flood of grief seemed to overwhelm the girl's soul. She sat there by the library table with the heavy sobs wrenching her, and through every gust of tears came the low, smothered wail, "Oh, mother! mother! mother!"

That little china mug was nothing uncommon. You would be very likely to find its mate in any little country crockery store on which you chanced. But Janet had never seen its pattern but once, and that was when she was a very little girl, not more than six, certainly. Her mother had brought her home a Christmas gift, the very counterpart of that. The only difference betwixt the two was that the white raised letters on the front of hers ran "To my little daughter." How that long gone Christmas day came back to her. The very smile on her mother's face, as she held up the little gift, and the way she trotted across the floor to receive it from her hands!

How prouder than any crowned queen she was all that day, going about with her mug, and how her mother's eyes followed her with the smile and the love in them. She remembered, too, what value she had set on the mug after her mother died, and how one of the children where she lived dragged it down from the top of the chest of drawers in her room,

and broke it! She thought her heart was broken, too, that day.

The library door was ajar. As Janet sat there, somebody suddenly pushed it open. Mr. Whitney had returned from the woods, for a moment, on some errand, and caught sight of the small figure before his table, shaking to and fro, and he heard the heavy, passionate sobs, and the moaning cry. Surprise, alarm, grief, held the man immovable as stone, saving once or twice when he started forward with a quick impulse to the help of his guest, and then the thought that her grief was one on which he had no right to intrude, drew him back.

So he stood there watching his guest, until at last he could bear it no longer; he closed the door softly, held brief counsel with his own thoughts, and then went—what else could the man do?—in search of Mrs. Powell.

"My child, what is the matter?"

A gentle hand was laid on the girl's shoulder, and starting up, Janet met the faded, motherly face of the housekeeper. Of all others, it was the right one at that moment. It drew out from her heart just then some words which the sight of no other face could have done.

"It is like the cup my mother gave me; my mother, who died when I was a little child, and left me all alone in the world!"

These words went to the tenderest places in the heart of Mrs. Powell. Little voices, silent now, had once called her "mother." The tears choked her eyes, she sat down by Janet, she took the sobbing girl's hands into her own soft, warm ones, and stroked them. She did not say one word though. I think Janet's mother might have done just so. And Janet laid her head on the old woman's shoulder, and cried there softly with a new sense of comfort.

And when at last her tears were still, she found herself telling this soft-hearted, motherly woman a little or a good deal as it happened, before she got through, of the story of her life, of her orphaned childhood, her lonely, struggling girlhood; not going, of course, into the details of these—not so much as hinting of that one peril which had beset her—but still saying enough for her pitying, wondering listener to supply out of her own sympathy and experience whatsoever was wanting.

And all through the story, and even when it was done, Mrs. Powell did not say very much, although for years her emotions had not been so keenly awakened. But there was no need of words; Janet knew all that kindly old heart

felt—the heart of a woman that seemed like her mother's—as she sat there stroking her fingers; not a strong, wise, cultivated woman—Janet's mother had been nothing of this—but a good, true, loving one; and the girl fairly clung to her in the sudden childishness of heart and soul which had come over her.

And when Mrs. Powell found plenty of words, it was not of Janet that she spoke. Somehow she found herself talking of the china mug and of its owner, and how it came into his hands; and Janet was listening, and, lo! all thought of herself was merged in Mrs. Powell's story.

Bryant Whitney was the old lady's idol. No living person was so intimate with his whole life as she was. She had stood with him over the death-bed of every one of his household, and in its darkest hours she had been its helpful and steadfast friend.

Mrs. Powell had seen better days, and during the first years of their adversity she had been able to lighten in a thousand kindly ways the burdens which pressed heavily on the Whitneys. Death and wrong, from which there was no redress, robbed her in a large measure of the power to do this not long before the necessity for it was past. Bryant Whitney was a man who never forgot a service rendered to him, and in Mrs. Powell's eyes, although not in his own, he had paid her ten-fold for all she had ever done for his family. She was a discreet woman, and did not confide her knowledge of him to others; but to-day she was drawn out of her usual reliance on this subject, and once launched on this theme she did not know where to stop. So she told Janet the story of Bryant Whitney's boyhood, of its stark poverty, of its long struggles, of the brave heart and the generous purposes that never failed him, until at last the reward that always comes to such souls came to him.

But death came too, blighting one and another of the household, until at last only little Trot remained. How clearly Janet seemed to see her, with her young, sweet face and the curls about it. And when it was laid away under the grass from Bryant Whitney, the last of his household, how Janet cried for him as she had not cried that day when they laid away Evelyn's little baby beneath the horse-chestnuts. Oh! she knew, as nobody else could, what that feeling was—all alone in the world! And there began to grow up in her soul a great reverence for this man, such as she had never felt for one before; he began to seem to her the incarnation of all those strong

and noble, those tender and generous qualities, which formed her ideal of manhood.

Mrs. Powell could have talked betwixt the tears which every little while choked her; Janet could have listened all night; but after awhile they heard voices in the hall—the ladies had arisen. It was time for Janet to be gone.

Mrs. Powell showed her a passage, through which she could make her escape to the room which had been assigned her for that day. The housekeeper did not, however, leave the library. She knew of a dead certainty that Mr. Whitney would hurry to her the very first moment that he could excuse himself from his guests.

She did not wait long. Bryant Whitney came in with a face full of eager solicitude, and took a seat by her side. His first question went straight to the point—

"My dear friend, have you found out what was the matter?"

Mrs. Powell was a woman of delicate scruples, but it never once entered her mind that she was betraying Janet's confidence, so she told Bryant Whitney from beginning to end all she had learned that afternoon.

Her auditor listened silently. He always did when others talked of their griefs, unless helpful words were needed. But how the story of that little lonely, orphan girlhood touched and harrowed this man's soul!

The battle had been hard enough for him, with his stout muscles and young strength. What must it have been for this frail, delicate, shrinking girl? The very thought made him shudder. For Bryant Whitney knew well enough what a fearful and terrible thing it is for a woman to be alone in the world; for an innocent, pure-hearted girl to have no father nor brother to protect her by the might of his love and the strength of his arm. He knew what wolves there are lying in wait to devour; he knew what advantage better men will take of woman's weakness and helplessness, what pitiances they will pay her for her toil, what wrong they will do to her need.

And how had she fought her way through it all, and stood where she now did, this fair, sweet girl-woman! What would little Trot have done in her place?

He took up the little china mug; his eyes swam in thick tears; but just then he was thinking not of his dead sister, but of Janet's mother.

When Janet and her host met again, neither suspected what new knowledge and feeling were in the heart of the other. All traces of

the storm which had recently passed over her soul had vanished from the girl's face, but they had left some new light and feeling there, which, searching for, Bryant Whitney's eyes found out when no other's did.

And, looking up, Janet found, too, more than once those grave, kindly eyes upon her face. How pitiful they seemed! It did not surprise her after what she had heard. She thought they looked upon all the world with just that look. But Janet was mistaken here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Go Forward."

BY H. A. HETDON.

Often the heart, like Israel,
By the Red Sea of grief will stand,
Egypt's pursuing host behind,
Dark frowning rocks on either hand.

Often our Father's tender love
Such trials for the soul has planned,
And then as answer gives to prayer,
"Go forward," as his brief command.

"Go forward," though the foaming sea
Before you rolls its troubled tide,
Lift but the Moses rod of faith,
And the dark waters will divide.

What if the way the Master points
For you the Red Sea lieth through?
Beyond, with fount and shadowing palm,
A blessing Eilm greets your view.

When from the bondage land of sin
Our feet the sandy desert press,
Then shall the dew-like promises
Be manna in the wilderness.

And when earth's dark Idumea
Has by our pilgrim feet been trod,
Then shall we stand securely on
Horeb, the holy mount of God.

Life.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

LAY SERMONS.

The Tight Within.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

We are often heard asking the questions—"What ought I to do?" "How shall I act in this matter?" "What is my duty?"

For all answer, let us look into our own hearts. Not but there are a multitude of good people always ready to counsel us in our straits. We have no need to go gadding after spiritual advisers and tutors. They come to us bidden and unbidden. We have only to arrive at an intersection in the crooked, winding way of life; we have only to manifest a doubt, an indecision with regard to our proper course, and lo! upon the right and upon the left, friendly hands are outstretched to direct and to lead; and from this way and that, busy monitors come running to warn us of terrors which lie in wait; of quagmires; of pitfalls; of overhanging mountains; of yawning abysses; of beasts, dragons, serpents and hobgoblins and satyrs, threatening us with instant and awful death.

Then, timid souls, we begin to cast troubled glances about us, and perplexed by multifarious and discordant counsel, to cry afresh—"What shall I do? Which way can I turn? Backwards I cannot go; forwards, unknown dangers menace me; to the right or to the left I am averse to turn, lest tardy repentance should come upon me when too late to retrace my steps. What shall I do? Whither shall I flee, to escape present and future calamities?"

Let us take counsel with ourselves; let us read and obey the law of our own being. Would God set us adrift in life, to take our course from the occasional ear-stroke of fellow voyagers, as short-sighted and befogged by mists and vapors as ourselves? Has He given us no instinct whereby we may choose ways that are just and perfect, but are we to gather all knowledge and wisdom from worldly love? Has He ordained us to the performance of certain duties, and denied us the consciousness thereof to give to another? Is it possible for us to be placed in any circumstances, however difficult, out of which our own inward, spiritual sense of right, will not safely lead us if wholly trusted? I trow not. It were a sin against the all-wise Creator to doubt the merciful provision of an unerring instinct in our natures, which if unperverted by evil courses, may be fearlessly relied upon as a faithful guide in every contingency of life. Let us follow then our convictions of truth, though they lead us into the jaws of lions, and into the heart of flames, confident that He who planted these terrors in our way for the trial of our faith, is

able to carry us unharmed through every threatening danger, and bring us unto safe and pleasant ends.

Let no one misconstrue me as upholding an obstinate, selfish and perverse course of action, in simple opposition to the warnings of wisdom and experience. I charge you, oh, reader of these lines, if you find in my words aught that justifies you in an act which has not its root in love, peace, charity, and good-will towards men, that you instantly repudiate and utterly reject me as unworthy your confidence and fellowship.

We all know how to distinguish between the grave, gentle pleading of the spirit, whose motions are for "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report," and the stormy, violent, scarcely to be resisted appeal of the passions, clamoring for unlimited indulgence. If he who utters a falsehood, defrauds his neighbor, cherishes malice, gives place to anger, yields to lustful appetites, and sacrifices the pleasures of others to his own enjoyment, exculpates himself upon the ground that he is obeying the highest instincts of his nature, he is twice a liar and a hypocrite, and the voice of his secret soul will cry "ay," to the accusation. There is no law written in the statute books of men so rigid in its exactions and so severe in its penalties as this law which we bear about with us, written by the finger of God upon the tables of our hearts for our guide in life and our judgment in death. Not one of us but bears the image and superscription of God, more deeply impressed upon one than another, perhaps, yet we all bear it in our breasts, this solemn witness, whose testimony is against iniquity, and none of us may say, "I sinned through ignorance of the law."

How often we appeal from this "silent court of justice" in ourselves, to that of our neighbor, demanding vindication for an act which we are inwardly conscious of being essentially wrong, but into which we have been precipitated (unavoidably, we plead) by the masterly force of uncontrolled passion. Well for us if our counsel would throw us back upon ourselves—if he would turn upon us sharply, and say—"You know the truth; disobey it at your peril!" But only too frequently he stands up and pleads eloquently (in the world's dialect) the cause of our baser nature, and we, with a nameless pain within, receive judgment in favor thereof.

Cease to do evil; seek righteousness; relieve the oppressed; love your enemies; do good, hoping for nothing again; rejoice not in iniquity; recompense to no man evil for evil; lay aside all malice, and

guile, and hypocrites, and evil speakings; support the weak; be patient towards all men; be pitiful; be courteous; judge not; condemn not; owe no man anything but to love one another, saith the law in the words of Jesus, and the Prophets and the Apostles, who were but the revelators of the divinity within us—the interpreters of the Holy Voice forever sounding in our souls. It requires a certain stern heroism to forego selfish ease and sensual indulgence, and live in strict obedience to this spiritual law. A noble humility completes self-abnegation; love, in its fullest sense towards our fellows are properties not belonging to our human estate. But into our mortality God has grafted an immortal scion, and he only truly lives who unsparingly prunes the ugly, distorted branches of his crooked human growth, giving free space for the development of his heavenly nature, which, reaching day by day, unto more excellent and perfect stature, shoots at last into the divine air of Paradise. Sacred forever are the names of such as have so lived.

Blessed be God for the patience of His saints, for the valor of His heroes, and the faith of His martyrs! Thereby we may measure our own possibilities. Therein our toiling aspirations may find rest, and gather fresh strength and courage for upward flight. Their greatness is our greatness. The spirit of truth which led them up to the sublime heights of life beckons us also thither. With impassioned yearning—with longings that cannot be uttered, the divine in us rushes to greet the divine in them—face answering to face, deep calling unto deep. The deeds that they have done, we also may do, and greater, if our faith be stronger—if our spark of heavenly light flame into wider space. Doubt nothing, oh, aspiring soul!

for all things are possible unto thee. The infinite God has set no bounds to our being. To our own inward consciousness of spiritual power He has added the voice of His Son. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father." And "be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Often we feel sad, dispirited, cast down—we know not why. 'Tis an empty, unsatisfying, and altogether disjointed world, and we wish we were well out of it. Its pleasures are Dead Sea apples—its hopes false beacons that lead astray—death the only thing in it. Our friend has wounded us, our enemy has laid a snare for us—the blind god Fortune has dealt us a cruel blow, perhaps. No, nothing of the kind. We are suffering from an infringement of the divine law. We have simply disobeyed ourselves. Rightly, the things of this world have no power over us. We have that within us which should lift us above all circumstance. Suffering comes only through disobedience of spiritual laws.

He only is our friend and true counsellor who comes to us in our distress, and says, "Soul, I love you, I sympathize with you, I pray most earnestly for you, and what help soever lies in love, sympathy, and prayer, I freely offer you. I can do no more. I cannot mark the path for your feet. God has not given to me the consciousness of your duty. But he has given it to you. Whatever your difficulties may be, your help lies in yourself. Go into solitude and pray. A Light ever burns for you—a Voice ever calls. Into whatsoever place the Light shines—follow. Whatsoever the Voice bids to do—obey."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Selfishness.

BY M. D. R. E.

We can scarcely imagine such a being as a selfish mother. The term appears incompatible with all our pre-conceived ideas of the patient, self-denying character, who "hopeth all things, believeth all things," and in a still more beautiful spirit of that untiring charity peculiar to mothers, "beareth all things" for her children's sake.

But as there is no rule without an exception, so there may be, and undoubtedly there are, self-indulgent and indolent persons, who, although by courtesy and consanguinity termed "mothers," do not fulfil the holiest and sweetest offices of maternity. Leaving their offspring to be looked after and cared for by hirelings, they content themselves

by providing richly for the adornment of their little bodies, and admiring them when in full dress, as so many dolls or puppets kept for their especial amusement. When they have done this, they suppose it is all that is required of them, and they are free to follow in the giddy round of fashionable pleasures. They would scorn the idea of attending to the wants of their own infants, watching them in sickness, or sharing in the care of their education.

It is not, however, the faults of mothers that we are at present to consider, excepting only their unwise indulgence of certain habits in their children, which may and does lead to selfishness and greed. It is this very self-abnegation in the mother, that often makes her child the opposite character to herself. If she from the first permit her little

one to notice, that his wants are to be first attended to, his gratification the one thing paramount throughout the household, he will soon become a young tyrant, and think himself of the greatest importance in the family.

It has been often asserted that a love of self is inherent in the human race; that it is natural for a man to "look out for number one;" that every body thinks first of his own wants before those of his fellow. But this, like other evil traits in our nature, requires to be reformed. God's law is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Every act of heroic daring for the good of our kind, is an overcoming of self in the noble mind which prompted that act. The world has seen prodigies of valor and courage; has witnessed endurance of hunger and cold for the sake of others; has heard of mothers laying down their lives for their children; of brother sacrificing himself for brother. But it is not always known that this self-denying love is the fruit of early training; the after-growth of first principles, fostered, perhaps, in the nursery.

One of the most generous, open-hearted men we have ever known used to relate that his first impressions of the blessedness of giving was imparted to his youthful mind by a rebuke justly administered by his mother, on his selfishly appropriating the finest apple, or the largest share of some cake or sweetmeat, when intrusted with a certain quantity to distribute among his brothers and sisters. He never forgot the shame nor the sorrow occasioned by his fault, and believes that it was never repeated.

But let the mother say: "This is for you, for you have been a good boy to-day; and you may, if you choose, take this smaller apple and divide it between Jane and Robert." Or let her refuse the child's impulsive request for "mother to taste his sweet orange or appropriate half his stick of candy." It is nothing for her to put off the child with, "No, mother would rather see little sonny eat it all himself;" for in truth she cares but little for the dainty. But let her consider that in so doing she is making her child selfish and greedy; and, after a few lessons of the kind, he will like to go away by himself to eat his sweetmeats, and be afraid lest anyone should ask to share it with him.

Rather cherish the first darnings of a generous purpose in your infant. We have seen a mother accept with many pretended expressions of gratitude these little offerings, put her lips to the juicy fruit and exclaim: "How nice!" or, taking a share just for the sake of encouraging the child in its efforts of generosity, reserve it for an after-treat to the little one. This, if practised often, should be done without the youthful donor suspecting it; for, otherwise, it will soon find out that it is not made poorer by giving. A better way would be for all to share alike in the dainty, whatever it may be, and thus children will become early initiated into habits of generosity and self-denial.

When there are many in a family, it is comparatively easier to inculcate these lessons. An only child is in great danger of becoming a selfish one. He has no one to share in his presents, to claim a part in the many plans that are made for his gratification. He is not accustomed to consider that the wants of others may require to be attended to as well as his own. But pampered, indulged, and allowed to injure his health by excesses in eating improper food, he either becomes the victim of disease, and goes down to an early grave, or grows up a selfish, miserable man, the slave of his unbridled passions, the scourge of society.

When a boy appropriates the easiest and best chair in the room, helps himself to the largest share of what he likes best at table, cares little for the comfort of others, but very much for his own, you may be sure he has been taught from his infancy to regard self as his chief object.

The miser who hoards his gold without conferring any benefits on his fellow-men, is a selfish wretch. Certainly he was never taught that "it is more blessed to give than receive." His heart was never opened to the sweet impulses of a holy charity. Self is his idol, and has filled the supreme place in his heart, turning it all to bone, completely ossifying his whole nature.

Like the weeds in a neglected garden, these evil principles must be rooted out. It will not do to say: "It is natural for thorns and briars to grow there; it is the normal state of the ground to produce weeds." But that does not prevent our making every effort to eradicate them thoroughly, and have in their stead plants which may be wholesome and beneficial.

As is the garden, so is the human mind. The seeds of weeds and noxious plants abound. But let us strive, with Almighty help, to destroy these germs of evil passions in the hearts of our children, and pray that they may be renewed in the temper and spirit of their minds. Of all the giants remember Self is the strongest, and to overcome him we must fight with the monster before he has attained size and strength.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

The Baby Talks!

Joy fills the house: the baby stands
Alone upon her feet.

With quivering lips she lifts her little hands,
And wonderingly doth gaze into her mother's face;
Thus timidly she starts upon life's fitful race.

How many hopes, how many fears,
How many smiles, how many tears,
Hang o'er her dangerous walk through coming years!
Almighty God! to Thee the child is given;
Guide home her weary steps at last to heaven.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We find upon our editorial table this month an unusually rich return from the publishing field, a harvest promising to the critical reviewer a handsome preponderance of wheat over the customary chaff. This matter, though mostly light and suitable for summer reading, presents a remarkable variety of material and uncommon wealth of development. First comes Tennyson with a fresh book, partly new and partly old, and bearing still the undoubted signs of a great genius, though perhaps the Poet Laureate, with £4,000 yearly, does not in this work bear to us the same rich fruitage of labored thought as did the younger man Tennyson, struggling for fame and affluence during the first years of a literary career. And if this work is rather the pleasant, genial overflow of a life that has ceased its battling and its struggle and sits down in the pleasant shade of ease and plenty in the later life, it comes none the less sweetly and refreshingly to us from the ever vivid pen.

The book opens with the sea-side tale of Enoch Arden, beginning with a quaint description of a little village on the shore, and of the sandy beach where three children, the personages of the story, play in miniature the life that lies before them.

"Long lines of cliff-breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sand;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a mouldered church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down,
With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cup-like hollow of the down.

"Here on this beach, a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little foot-print, daily washed away.

"A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children played at keeping house;
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about.'
Then, if they quarrell'd, Enoch, stronger made,
Was master; then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both."

As in childhood, so in manhood both loved Annie Lee. But the youthful compromise would no longer serve her, and she chose and married Enoch. And Philip,

—"While the rest were loud in merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past,
Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart."

For seven years the life of the young pair was prosperous and happy. Then adversity came, and the husband was obliged to leave his wife and her three little ones and go as boatswain in a ship bound for China. Years passed, and naught was heard from the unlucky sailor. In the meantime, the youngest of his children, a frail little being, died, and then came Philip for the first time to the mother, with words of counsel and comfort, and begged her also that for Enoch's sake he might be allowed to send the older ones to school. She consented, and the children grew to love their benefactor like a father.

"Lords of his house and of his will were they:
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him,
And called him Father Philip. Philip gained
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where; and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came."

And after these ten years had dragged their slow length along, Philip came again and laid his heart at Annie's feet, and after one long, last weary year of waiting, longing, hoping for that other—she married him. In the meantime our sailor, where was he?

"Prosperously sail'd
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unwept
She slept across the summer of the world,
Where after a long tumble about the Cape,
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing through the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her Oriental haven."

But the homeward voyage was not so prosperous. A storm overtook the vessel and she went down at sea. Enoch, cast upon a lonely island lived there for many years, when a chance vessel happening that way relieved him from his involuntary banishment, took him home and landed him in his native village.

"Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there,
(A bill of sale gleamed thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me.'"

And in an old tavern he found a garrulous soul
who told him, as though he were a stranger, the
whole story.

"But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth
At evening, when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
Then did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeaking for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled;
And in it thrived an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it;
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw;
For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a lofter Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed;
And on the left of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often towards her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her, tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

"Now when the dead man came to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children, tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things saw are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.
He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall—
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

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Then speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay traned; But when he rose and paced
Back towards his solitary home again
All down the long, and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burden of a song
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'"

Nor did he ever reveal himself, but one year
later, when he lay upon his dying bed, he told the
old woman his story, and left a message for his
Annie to be delivered after his death.

"So past the strong, heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

The story is not new. Somewhere we have seen
the same in prose; but the pure, lofty heroism of
the soul that suffered and sacrificed itself thus is
unsurpassed in any tale of fiction or of truth. But
this is only the beginning of this book of poems.
The next is a story of love between wealth and
poverty—a love crossed and the death of the lovers,
the maiden of grief, the youth by suicide. It is
full of pathos and power. Then comes that beau-
tiful fragment long since familiar to us, "Sea
Dreams," containing the superb bit of satire upon
the saintly villain.

"With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye:
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snake-like slithered his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings o'er the rest
Arising did his holy, oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in hell and heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."

And this sweetest of all cradle songs—

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer
Then she flies away.

"What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away."

Beside these are a number of minor poems,
including the "Welcome to Alexandra," which
went the rounds of the American papers at the
time of the reception of the royal bride in Eng-
land. The book is published by Ticknor & Co.,
Boston.

But we have as yet barely tasted the intellectual feast which lies this month before us. There are new works from gifted pens, including the authoress of the *Schönberg Cotta Family*, Miss Beecher, and Miss Prescott, which will receive due attention in our next number.

HELPS TO EDUCATION. By Rev. Warren Burton.

I have read this book with careful attention, and am delighted with it. I wish it were in every family in our land. I think I have never seen a book that contains more practical and valuable suggestions in regard to the proper training of children. It is especially rich in valuable hints upon domestic education, and the way to develop and strengthen a child's moral nature.

Then, to philanthropic people, it may be told that the author published the work at his own expense, and, being now prostrated by sickness, greatly needs the income from sales. In a letter from

him lately published in the *Boston Transcript*, he says:—

"I have several hundred copies still on my hands, for which I am very anxious to obtain subscriptions to meet the pressing indebtedness of the past, together with my current expenses, to say nothing of the previous and constant wish of being useful in an important cause. I do not solicit charity; I simply ask that those who have growing children should save me and mine, time, labor and discouragement, by readily taking a book, which, if the warm commendations of many periodicals and distinguished educators and other public men can be relied on, will be altogether worth to their families the dollar it will cost."

Any person remitting to Mr. Otis Clapp, No. 3 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., \$1.15, will receive a copy of this work by mail (postage pre-paid), and Mr. Burton, according to an arrangement made with his generous publishers, will receive the whole amount above the cost of the work. a.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO WASH SILK.—Mix well together half a table-spoonful of soft soap, three-quarters of a table-spoonful of honey, and two liqueur glasses of gin or brandy. Lay the silk you intend to clean on a board, dip a brush into the mixture, and rub the silk well with it. After this, dip it into hard water and then into soft, taking care not to squeeze it. Let it drain, and iron it whilst wet.

TO EXTRACT RUST STAINS.—Emery and oil, or a mixture of tripoli and sulphur, will clean steel grates beautifully if well applied. The mixture of tripoli should be mixed with half its quantity of sulphur in an earthen jar, and laid on a grate with a piece of leather, allowed to dry on, and then be rubbed off with soft linen. A lady friend of mine, whose bright grates are a marvel, tells me that she always has, when she leaves home, some unlacked lime dusted over her steel to keep it from rust during her absence.

HOW TO CLEAN FILAGREE SILVER ORNAMENTS.—Have a small basin of warm water, and make a stiff lather of common yellow or white soap by constantly washing the hands till the lather is thick and white; put it (the soapy water) into a good-sized saucepan; then having well dusted the filagree ornaments with a soft brush (a tooth-brush is the best) just moisten them with sweet-oil to loosen the dirt. Put them into the saucepan of soap and water, and boil them for about a quarter of an hour. Have ready a basin of warm water, and take the ornaments from the fire, and wash them

gently in the basin, take them out and let them rest upon a thick soft cloth in the sun or before the fire until quite dry; finish by brushing them over with a soft brush, dipped either in rouge or finely powdered whiting.

DRYING WILD FLOWERS.—Procure a large stock of blotting paper. The thin red kind is best, at least for succulent plants. If your correspondent has not got a napkin press, she will require two nice smooth pieces of board about the size of half a sheet of the blotting-paper, and four rather heavy square stones, which, for convenience and appearance may be incased in gray linen bags. The plants must be spread out in the most natural manner. Small plants of those whose roots are remarkable, like the wood-sorrel, and many species of birches, are best dried whole if the roots are well cleaned and quite free from moisture. It is often necessary to remove some of the leaves and flowers when they are too much crowded. Light weights are useful for keeping parts of refractory plants in position while the other parts are being settled. The blotting-paper, when folded in two, will form pages about twenty-four inches in length and fifteen in breadth. Place the plants on the sixth page of the blotting-book, which, however, should not be stitched together at the back. Then turn over to the twelfth page (soft moist plants like the blue-bell require more paper over them than this for the first few days, and hard dry ones, such as ferns, require less), arrange more plants on it, and so on, till the stock of blotting-paper, flowers or

patience is exhausted. Then place the pile of plants and papers between the boards, and lay on one or two of the weights. Leave them undisturbed till the next day; then dry the papers well, replace the plants, and add an additional stone. Repeat the same process for the next two days. After that time it will be sufficient to dry them once or twice a week. When quite dry, the specimens have to be fastened down with strips of paper and classified. Families that contain but few species can all go on the same page. The three primulas, for instance, (*P. vulgaris*, *elatior*, and *veris*, all that are indigenous to Ireland) make a pretty page, as they keep their color well. The herbarium must always be kept in a dry warm room, and under a light weight.

FARMER'S PUDDING.—Put the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, with a quarter pound of

fine sifted sugar into a basin; beat them a little together; add a quarter pound of butter melted; beat this all together till it is quite thick. Line a dish with light puff paste, spreading on it a thick covering of apricot or other preserve; pour on the above mixture, and bake it in a moderate oven.

MACAROONS.—Blanch one pound of almonds, throwing them into cold water as they are done. Dry them in a cloth, and pound them in a mortar with orange flower water, or the white of an egg, to prevent their oiling. Take an equal weight of finely powdered loaf sugar, moisten it with the whites of three or four eggs, and then beat all up together, shape the cakes round on wafer paper with a spoon, grate sugar over them, and bake them in a gentle oven.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

Fashions.

October has come, luminous with its gorgeous hues and radiant skies. The woods have changed their summer garb of cool, shady green, for the warm tints of autumn, and those "frail flowers," the ladies, in imitation of the great mother nature, begin to exhibit the glowing shades of orange, crimson and scarlet in their costumes. As outside garments for the early fall many ladies have been lining their black lace circular mantles with bright colored silk. A violet lining seems to be the favorite, as it looks well under both the black and white lace, and a ruche to match is sewn all round the edge. These linings allow of the mantle being worn far into the autumn, as they add to their warmth. White silk is also occasionally used as lining for black lace.

The Paris papers speak of "a very beautiful garment, which will, probably, be much patronized for autumn wear. The Lyons manufacturers are now producing thick-ribbed silks, with more substance than in a terry velvet, likewise other silks, which are spotted and shot, and are called *armure*, and with these the new garment is to be made. I will describe a violet one. It has the same form as the Louis XIV. coat (the veritable French coat). In front a Louis XIV. waistcoat is simulated, and this is long and square, and is fastened with large violet silk buttons, trimmed with black lace. The pockets of the coat are edged with black lace, and ornamented with three buttons. The coat is trimmed down the front with straps of gimp and black lace; the sleeves, with *revers*, are ornamented with three large buttons. The budice of the coat is in *armure*, the *revers* of the thick ribbed silk. Some of these

coats will be studded with small silver and steel nails. These are very brilliant when the sun shines upon them, and are also used for ornamenting cloth coats. Must not forget the bow on the shoulder, made of gimp, with jet or steel beads, which is always placed on all *paletôts*. A cravat-collar, made of white lace and tied in a graceful bow, is usually worn with the coat."

In dresses the preference for self-colors is still manifested very plainly, especially in taffetas; and the various stripes, plaids, checks, leaves, and other eccentric designs latterly introduced, have failed to displace this preference for a plain silk.

For simple toilettes the plain foulard appears very popular; it is simply edged round the skirt with a wide velvet ribbon, and then looped up over a light striped, or checked black and white, or violet and black petticoat, with a narrow flounce round the edge. A short jacket in front, with rounded basques at the back, ornamented with small bell buttons, and for out-door wear a *paletôt*. This is trimmed either with gimp at all the seams, or with a thick ruche at the collar, sleeves, and down the fronts, and upon each seam at the back there is a taffetas strap sewn down with three buttons.

Lady's Purse.

(See Engraving.)

MATERIALS.—Two skeins of bright blue; two skeins of white fine purse silk; two bunches of gold, and two of steel beads, No. 4; one pair of knitting-pins, No. 18.

With blue silk and steel beads cast on forty-eight stitches, work four plain rows, then commence the pattern thus:—

1st row.—Make one, purl two together, *, pass down fourteen beads, keep them under the thumb, make one, purl two together, make one, purl two together; repeat from *.

2d.—The return row to be worked in the same stitch, but without beads.

3d.—As the first, only pass down thirteen beads instead of fourteen. Every row the same with one bead less, until only two beads remain; then work the return row, and join on the white silk and gold beads. *, pass down fourteen beads, make one, purl two together, make one, purl two together; repeat from *. The other row same as the blue

and steel; then repeat the blue and steel once more. This forms one end of the purse. The middle may be worked thus:—

With white and gold beads make one, purl two together, pass down two beads; repeat; return row plain.

Repeat these two rows four times in white, four times in blue, four times in white. Then commence the other end in blue; work the same as before, only commence with two, and increase to fourteen beads.

Sew up one-third at each end, and trim with mixed gold and steel tassels.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

At "The Park."

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Summer with its melting heat was full upon us. Down on the Jersey shore the poor pleasure-seekers sweltered in closely-packed rooms, and drew in what was poetically supposed to be the "pure breath of heaven," but which had been filtered through hot Jersey sand until its pristine origin was quite unrecognizable. Fair maidens waded daily through the sand to the beach, exposed themselves to the dazzling reflection of the sun from the ocean, called it "delightful bathing," and then lay with buttered faces all night to remove the odious "tan" from the complexion. During the moonlight season the young gentlemen came down from the city, promenaded with Dulcineas in the twilight up and down the long piazzas, twirled their moustaches and their canes, the former at the ladies, the latter at the mosquitoes, perspired through the long nights within four feet of the tin roof in the fifth story, and called it happiness.

In the city blazing brick walls stared the "coolest specimen" out of countenance. Like avenging flames the hot, red columns stood up on either side of the long, lonely streets. Early in the morning, in the shadiest angle of the house, the thermometer started where "butter melts," and went steadily "onward and upward" until it reached the point where "blood boils," and human endurance could not stand it any longer. Out into the street I dashed to seek compassion if not to find relief. Pedestrians strode along with drooping heads, nor ever raised their eyes except to give an apprehensive, sidelong glance at some unmuzzled cur passing by. Lazy clerks, minus vest, neck-tie, and choker, lolled in the windows, snoozed over the counters, and about noon stepped around the corner to give vent to their feelings in a glass of "lager," which was only the eighth recurrence of this little

episode since business opened in the morning. At last to me there came a momentary respite. Pacing along the hot pavement, which seemed to scorch the aching feet at every step, suddenly a grateful shadow fell across my pathway and stopped my progress for a minute. It was a street car; outside painted a most delightfully cool, refreshing green, and at the top, in colors suggestive of azure sky and verdant grass, I traced the simple word "Fairmount." In much less time than I employ in telling you, I had resolved upon my course, and springing into the car, sacrificed six cents at the altar of enterprise (for the first time I did not grudge the extra penny, nor attempt to swindle the conductor out of it), and was soon "en route" for "The Park." Once there, out under the blue sky, how perceptible was the change in all around me. Far away to the eastward rose the ceaseless murmur of the great city, like the roar of some wild beast just cheated of his prey. Down the Schuylkill crept the sweet breezes from the northward, bringing not a taint of the filthy factories they left behind at the "Falls" and Manayunk, nor yet wafting to me a sigh from the mausoleum they had swept in their swift-winged passage. Untainted, from the mountains, down the beautiful river they had come. They were full of life and happiness, and breathed not a whisper of toil or of death.

On the summit of the wooded knoll I stood and sported with the winds, which played like so many coquettish maidens about me. They ruffled my hair, wound their soft arms around my neck, and disarranged my collar, fanned my fevered lips, and I felt their spicy breath upon my cheeks. I laughed and sang with them, and a merry time we had together.

A madeap came along. I had watched her course far up the river, eddying, whirling, tossing the leaves and rippling the surface of the stream; and now, as she passed, she seized my hat and sent it flying swiftly down the slope, over the smoothly-

shaven grass, across the wide carriage path, down a steep bank, over a pile of stones and an old boat drawn up upon the beach, and on to the very verge of a watery grave. A couple of noisy, romping children had discovered this unexpected "secession" almost ere I was myself aware of my loss, and when I regained my scattered senses and turned about, I found the urchins in full pursuit, and, interested and amused, stood and watched the progress of the race. Intent upon the rescue, screaming and shouting with delight, they started off, doubled themselves, and like India-rubber balls bounded down the declivity, dashed across the road and onward went in the fruitless chase; for the hat, made of straw and very light, evaded the youngsters as though it had been a human thing, resting sometimes for a moment until they, with a scream of delight, put out their hands to seize it, then it would elude their grasp and sail away again, to be pursued with renewed vigor and earnestness. A friendly thistle pinioned it at the water's edge, and with a note of triumph they seized upon it, and scrambling up the hill restored it to me unharmed, saving a little dampness about the brim, and an evidence of "wear and tear" in the ribbon which bound the crown. I bestowed upon each of my benefactors a nickel penny, which, though not a very large amount, was quite a sacrifice in these days of meagre specie.

"What is your name, sonny?" I inquired of the elder, after satisfactorily concluding this little business arrangement.

"Matthew," he replied.

"And yours?" appealing to the younger.

"Mark."

"Where are Luke and John?" I inquired, facetiously.

"Over there," was the answer, with an evident expression of surprise that I was so deeply versed in family matters.

"Where that old lady is?"

"Yes."

"Take me over there," I said, and they assented.

About twenty yards distant, under a wide-spreading maple, was grouped a picture which would have delighted the comic delineator Darley, but with which at the same time was blended a pathos almost indescribable. Four loose benches had been arranged beneath the grateful shade so as to form a hollow square. Within the enclosure thus made played four or five little children. Calmly watching them, and placidly knitting, sat a pleasant-faced old lady in clean cap and kerchief, while the little ones romped about her in a game of hide and seek, creeping under the benches, and occasionally peeping at each other from beneath the protecting folds of her clothing. Right cool and comfortable were they on this hot summer's day, for all superfluous garments had been laid aside upon their first entrance to "The Park" (as I afterwards learned), and a little torn and tattered

slip was all the covering that encumbered them, while around and above hung the articles of wearing apparel which had been discarded for this more airy costume. Petticoats, dresses, hoop skirts, best caps and bonnets, and various other "dress goods too numerous to mention," adorned the green canopy which hung over them, and the "mysteries of the toilette" were for once quite unveiled to the public gaze.

As we drew near, the old lady smilingly welcomed the boys and their newly-found friend. I sat down a moment to chat with her, while the little fellows scampered off to join some companions by the river, and ere long were deeply engaged in a discussion as to the possibilities concentrated in two nickel pennies.

A few moments' conversation sufficed to acquaint me with the woman's past history and present circumstances. She was of French descent, and when quite a young girl had come to this country with an American family, with whom she lived as child's nurse many years. Then she married and came to Philadelphia, and now she was living with a daughter in a narrow court in an obscure part of the city. She was always fond of children, she said, and so she often brought all the little ones from their court out to "the Park" to spend the day.

"Then these are not all," I said, inquiringly, pointing to those around us, who, tired of play, were loling on the ground now, and looking up in our faces as we talked.

"No, those came with me too," indicating a group of both sexes down below us.

I thought they must occasion her a great deal of anxiety, but she said no, they were very thoughtful and obedient. I was quite amused at the tactics displayed in her government. The feminine element was placed under the controlling care of the sterner portion, and any youthful disagreements were quickly silenced by the invariable interrogation of the dignified old mentor—"Boys, what are you doing with those girls?"

Suddenly the music of the band commenced. All rushed up to get near as possible to the big trumpet, the bass drum, and the lively "baton," while I strolled away to find that distance which should lend most enchantment to the sound.

An hour passed. The lengthening shadows warned me of the approaching twilight, and reluctantly I turned by back upon the green grass, the flowing water, and the shady trees. One glance backward just as I entered the ear, disclosed to me my pleasant old friend in the midst of her group, while unusual activity in the circle showed that robing and preparations for a homeward journey were going actively forward. Blessings on the dear old creature! May the milk of human kindness support and nourish her through her second childhood, and the gates of heaven open wide for the genial, simple soul—the children's friend.

M. E. E.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

AT SARATOGA.

It seemed as though we had entered another planet, where the inhabitants thereof had nothing to do but to dress and enjoy themselves after their own sweet will. It seemed impossible to concentrate or bestir one's self for any work, or effort of any kind. The soft air seemed full of pleasure, indolent, dreamy, luxurious. And how like a dream those two weeks seem now! And how like fairy visions the graceful, beautiful women, who used to flock down to the springs every morning in garments rich and dainty enough for a princess to wear at her bridal.

Life at Saratoga during "the season," is like life nowhere else. It is largely "out doors," and perhaps this is one of the principal benefits which weary denizens of the city derive from a visit to the springs. As for the waters—you will be likely to find the first glass nauseating enough, and each swallow will cost you a wry face and emphatic volition; but it is surprising how marvellously you will get over that, and take to the sharp, pungent draught which at first repelled you.

No one can doubt that Saratoga owes to these Springs her wide reputation. There is nothing in her natural scenery to attract or retain anybody, if one excepts the Park, which lies, a little "bit of enchanted land," right in the heart of the village. The long, shady, winding walks, with the great trees, where the birds build their nests and sing, the breezy, bracing scent of the pines, that thrills and inspires the air, the wide lawns mowed by the summer winds, the sweet, soothing quiet enters into your soul, and fill it with still joy and gladness. But outside of this is the gay, dazzling, picturesque life of Saratoga! Talk of a nation in its struggle for life or death—talk of the war, of economy on every side—talk of ruinous taxes and rising prices, when our countrywomen paraded the streets and sauntered the halls with thousands of dollars worth of dry goods on their backs; talk of a bankrupt nation, when diamonds that a queen might have envied blazed on thousands of fair, round arms, and pearls sanded bright hair, thick as dew and summer grasses.

What a sin and a shame it seemed! What a ghastly inconsistency, and what a fearful commentary on all this extravagance and revelry run mad it seemed, during that week of the "horse races," to have the "Fast day" come down suddenly with its solemn invocation to humiliation and prayer. Not that many of the pleasure seekers paid attention to it. The race ground was perhaps just as crowded, the carriages, with their burdens of beautiful and gorgeously attired women, drawn by the curveting, fiery-eyed horses, rolled down to the course that day as on every other.

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What care had these women for their country in her anguish—what care for that vast army lying a few miles to the south, and sweltering in the fiery heats, or grappling in the fierce storm of battle with the foe that was clutching at its life—what thought had these gay, butterfly women for the soldiers dying on battle-fields, and starving in prisons, and treading the slow, dreary "picket duty"—what thought had they for all these in the midst of their hilarity and pleasure.

Everywhere the awful contrasts confronted us. Take up a paper, and on one column would be a glowing account of the last ball, with details of elegant dresses and costly jewels, which had adorned the belles, and the very next column would contain the history of some frightful carnage, and the list of the dead and wounded soldiers. And when once or twice we went over to the ball-room and beheld the dazzling scene, the radiant women in their rustling robes, gliding back and forth to the bewitching music, the sparkle of jewels, the beauty of flowers, which made the whole scene like some vision of dreams, the pale faces and reproachful eyes of the soldiers languishing in the distant hospitals, came betwixt them and us.

Now we do not believe that every body who has not gone to the war ought to sit down in sackcloth with ashes on their foreheads. We should not help our nation or our cause in that way. But to run into every reckless extravagance, after every pleasure and gaiety, is a crying sin against our God, our country, and ourselves at this time.

What a reproach that was to our own apathy and indifference and love of ease, in the remark which a young Virginian lady made to us, when she was talking of the sentiments which controlled the women of the South, "Talk of dress—speak of pleasure, and they will look at you with frowns and indignation. If you take any thought for these things now, they believe your heart cannot be where it should in the cause!"

And why do not we, the women of the North, manifest more of that loyalty, that devotion, that self-denial for our country, that these—our sisters still, beyond the Potomac do for theirs?

We have wandered away from Saratoga. We come back to speak of the "Lake" which lies three or four miles distant. What a lonely little "Idyl" it is, in a dream "among the hills," with the water lilies, like flakes of snow, scattered over its bosom. The gray garments of the mist hang around the waters. The roads wind down the hill to the shore. The little plaything of a steamer that can accommodate only a score of passengers, starts off bravely every morning, and ploughs the silver furrows to Sulphur Springs.

Altogether this is a spot to fold you away in

dreams. How the world slipped off from our thoughts, and the deep, still calm which always lies at nature's heart, came and wrapped us away in itself. How we see it all with a yearning love which is like regret now!

"At Saratoga!" how the two weeks ran away. The gay people came and went as the days did. Everything was swift and migratory. Now it is all gone, and in a little while the gay streets will be silent, the vast hotels will be closed, the tides of men and women will all have ebbed away, and the season will be over at Saratoga.

What a transition! And so the gay, breezy, fluttering life has dropped down into the old—the old, where we put on the harness and go back into the toil and the burden of the day.

V. F. T.

GOSSIP FOR THE MONTH.

October has come, and summer with its fervid skies has fairly passed away. Old Sol, the tyrant, for six months has steadily pursued his tiresome march above us, and now, his task completed, he stands a moment to survey his work before he takes his winter's journey southward. Like him, we may well pause for a moment and review the summer's deeds. Spring opened with the great Sanitary Fairs, under the superintendence of the women of America, showering benefits upon our soldiers, and from the fatigues of which our watering places have been for the whole season a scene of recuperation. Now for months our great chieftain, like his namesake of old, has stood thundering with his legions at the gates of the enemy's stronghold, with what results we cannot yet determine, while the oft-recurring question, "who will be our next president," agitates the North far more than the sound of rebel cannon or fear of armed invasion. The romance of this war! Volumes innumerable have already been written, and every daily paper furnishes themes for thousands more. The latest story which has "been the rounds" of the periodicals concerns a private soldier named John Kick, (every newspaper has "had its joke" upon this name, and so we forbear for the sake of originality) who, while our army was on the march through Virginia, fell ill of sun stroke and fatigue. So he fell out of the ranks and was taken to the nearest house where he lay very sick for several weeks. This mansion happened to be the residence of the late ex-president John Tyler, and a niece of this gentleman there present nursed our hero, and by her tender care and attention, ensured his final recovery. In the meantime (as was natural, nay, almost inevitable, does not all history prove it so?) symptoms of "le grande passion" began to develop in the disease of the soldier, and strange to say, were fully reciprocated by the fair daughter of Secessia, and proving the trite old saying that "love conquers all obstacles," we have but to add, that as soon as John was able they resolved to set aside all causes of disagreement, and vowed eternal

fidelity to "the union" at the altar of matrimony. There was a report at first that the bride was a daughter of the ex-president, but a crushing letter from the wife of the same from her dignified retirement on Staten Island, denies the possibility of such a charge.

Apropos of weddings, the London papers are all alive with accounts of the singular marriage of Lady Florence Paget, the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey with the Marquis of Hastings. The fair bride, of whom it is said that on her début, "her petite figure and dove-like eyes, caused her at once to become the rage of the park, the ball-room, the opera, and the croquet lawn," has, it seems, been engaged to an untitled individual, Mr. Chaplin, (a man of immense income) for several months, and the wedding day was some time since agreed upon. The Marquis was an old suitor, but since the engagement was consummated seemed quite reconciled to it, and consoled himself "with the turf and its congenial accessories." But the result proves that while the Marquis appeared on the best of terms with Mr. Chaplin, he was only concealing his play, for on the following morning that he had been at the opera with him and her ladyship, he found himself with the latter at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and they were united, "for better or worse." The fickle creature had the grace to hastily inform her intended bridegroom in a note of her sudden "change of heart," and started for Donnington Park to spend the honey moon. It is said that Mr. Chaplin feels very much the slight that has been put upon him, but his feelings are in some measure consoled by the assurance of his friends that it is "all for the best." Philosophical Chaplin! but eccentricity is the rage among feminines just now, and "something new" is the ultimatum of all female effort at present, as the following, cut from a London paper, will testify:—

"The last eccentric fashion which has been introduced is much more astonishing than its predecessors—ladies of all ages are now dyeing their hair! Some are ashamed of brown locks, others of possessing fair tresses—everybody now wishes for red hair. The difficulties of changing the color of the hair will be readily understood. It is easy to dye light hair red—the hair being fair takes the dye easily—but with brown locks the labor is trebled. If the red is achieved, it is not that warm, sunny, golden shade which the Venetian painters loved, and which is so rare a possession; it is, on the contrary, a dull shade of red, not pleasant to behold. But no matter; many of the ladies belonging to the Court circle, who possess the most magnificent heads of black and brown hair, have submitted voluntarily to this metamorphosis.

Another paragraph with regard to the peculiarities of the fair sex concludes thus:—

"Add to all this fantastic description, the small cane which is now in every lady's hand, and on which a fortune can easily be expended, and you

will see that the costumes and toilettes of the latter end of the nineteenth century are not very dissimilar to those of the seventeenth, and that if Watteau were to come to life again, he would not find it necessary to make many alterations in his representations of female attire.

"These pretty canes are generally white; the most costly are made of ivory, with a small handle bent as a beak, and long silken tassels—either blue, white, or cerise—to match the toilette, depending from it. Others are made of rhinoceros ivory, with a handle in the shape of a pear, frequently enriched with turquoise, or with a single piece of lapis lazuli, malachite, or red jasper. Canes are also made of white whalebone, plaited or twisted as riding-whips, with a simple gold medalion encircled with precious stones, upon which either the initial or the crest of the owner is engraved. A peculiarly white wood, which I think must be cherry, prepared and varnished in such a manner that it looks very brilliant, is likewise made into canes."

"MY POOR BOY!"

Through the summer we have at intervals given the cordial grasp and "welcome home" to numbers of our brave soldiers returning from the battlefield, for it is three years since the carnage opened, and the first term of enlistment has expired. Fathers, sons, brothers, and that "nearer one still and dearer one yet than all other," how joyous is the greeting from the loved ones at home; and the tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes," how they will thrill the home circle in the cheery winter evenings that are coming, while the love we bore the braves grows brighter "for the dangers they have passed."

At one of our city depots a few weeks since, occurred an incident of thrilling and heart-rending interest. It was the day we welcomed home with music and loud merry-making the honored remnant of the "Seventy-Second" from the scene of the recent terrific battles, and a fond mother, hearing the glad news of the arrival of the regiment, hastened to the depot to clasp in her warm embrace a darling son. Encountering an old associate and comrade, her face irradiated with joy and bright anticipation, she eagerly inquired for her boy. "Killed before Petersburg," was the sad response of the soldier, as he turned his eyes away from the searching gaze of the mother. It were impossible to describe the agony in that face as the dread reality of those cruel words dawned upon her. It was the utter desolation, unrelieved by one spark of light which settles for the moment like a black pall around the heart when a joyous, confiding hope is suddenly crushed by bitter disappointment. A deathly paleness drove away the flush of joy, and, burying her face in her hands, she sank upon the platform in an attitude of mute despair. A kindly group gathered sympathizingly about her. Rough-visaged soldiers, as they pictured distant waiting,

anxious mothers dashed away the rising tear, and essayed by little attentions to divert her from her great sorrow. At last her grief found vent in words. "Oh, my poor boy!" the stricken creature moaned. 'Twas all that she could say. In vain they told her of his glorious death, and bade her remember the noble cause for which he had given up his young life. 'Twas ever the same response—"I know he died for the Union—but, oh, my poor boy!"

Numbers passed her as she sat there—the gay, the cold, the proud, the indifferent—and each with saddened face heard the story of her grief, and tears of pity and compassion dimmed for the moment many a bright and sparkling eye. At last they lifted her and bore her away; and as the cars rolled from the depot, still faint and fainter came back the low, piercing moan—"Oh, my poor boy! Oh, my poor boy!"

(See wood cut.) The hour-glass! what a wonder it is to the little ones! For hours they watch the golden sands dropping one by one beneath the crystal. Happy children! far distant be the slow, dragging, bitter hours it shall mark in your life's pathway.

Publishers' Department.

ADVANCE IN PRICE.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the price of paper, printing material, and type setting—more than double what it was when our present terms were fixed—we have thus far maintained the old rates of the Home Magazine, but this can be done no longer. We must either diminish the size of our periodical, discontinue it altogether, or advance the price. We shall do the latter. The Home Magazine has too large a circulation, and too important a field to work in, for us to think a moment of its abandonment; and we mean to increase its size and add to its attractions, in order to give it a higher interest for the people. Every year our circulation has increased, and our list for 1864 is the largest by many thousands yet attained; showing how well a discriminating public are responding to the untiring efforts of our editors to produce a magazine of the highest order, especially adapted to American homes.

Our terms for 1865 will be announced in the November number. They will be as near as possible in ratio with the advance of all other periodicals and newspapers. Probably we shall fix the price of single subscriptions at \$3, with the usual deduction for clubs.

From this date, we withdraw the club terms announced for 1864. Single subscriptions for 1864 will still be taken for \$2, and additions to existing clubs will be made at \$1.50. New clubs of three subscribers will be taken for 1864 at \$5.

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Painted by R. S. Lauder, R.S.A.

Engraved by A. D.

Portia





Fortuna



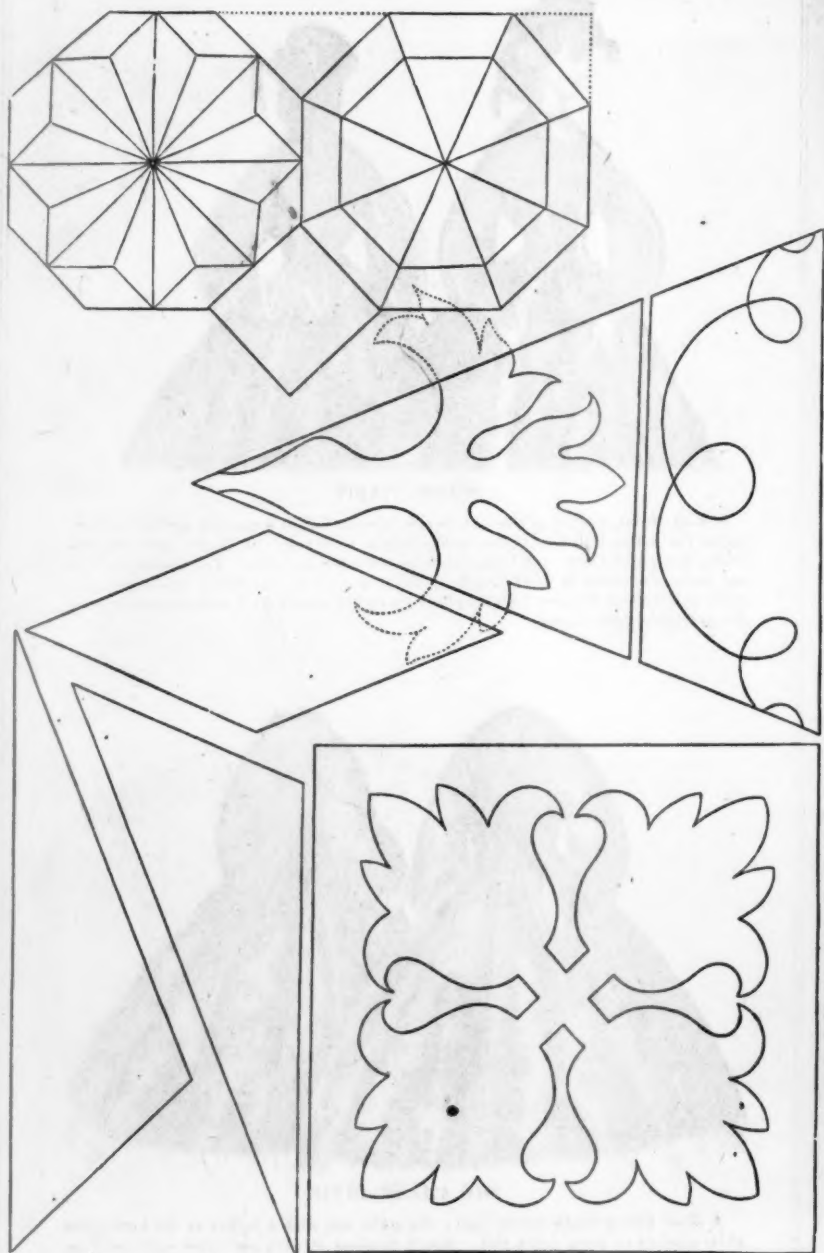
RIDING HABIT.

Riding Habit of dark green cassimere, trimmed with a narrow quilled velvet, which the artist failed to understand, should be black. It is cut with double points back and front, and turns back at the neck *en revers*. The sleeve has but one seam, and that is at the back of the arm. It is rounded at the hand, and open about three inches; this displays an under-sleeve with what appears to be the ordinary tight sleeve.



THE AMERICANNIE.

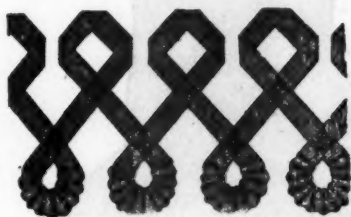
A close fitting black velvet coat; the waist cut with a jacket at the back; the skirt plaited to hang quite full. Small flowing sleeves cut open, and laced up to the elbow; the waist and sleeve trimmed with guipure lace, with crochet heading.



PATCH-WORK—SOFA CUSHION.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



RIBBON TRIMMING.



CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF.



EFFECT OF PATCH-WORK CUSHION.



DRESS AND COAT OF BLACK ALPACA.

The trimming is of black mohair lace, with velvet buttons.